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A

NARRATIVE,

of travels in Europe,

IN TWO PARTS:

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NARRATIVE,

&c.

Part the First.

The particular circumstances which have been the cause of an absence of more than eight years from our native country, and the different events which have taken place during that period, have induced us to commit to paper a short Narrative, which will be somewhat interesting to our family, and, in future, an agreeable memorandum for ourselves.

The motive of our journey, which was intended to last about two years, or rather less, was to make acquaintance with the friends and correspondents of our father's commercial house, and to perfect the good education we had received, by seeing a little of the world,—an advantage so great to young men. Our intention was to visit part of France, Italy, Switzerland, and perhaps of Germany.

The 26th of April 1803 was the day we took leave of our family, and set off for Dover, notwithstanding the appearance of war between England and France, for the negotiation had for some time assumed a very unfriendly tone; there appeared, however, no serious inconvenience in going as far as Paris, which we could quit at any time, together with the English Ambassador Lord Whitworth.

We met at Dover, by appointment, a foreigner and particular friend of ours, who was likewise going to Paris; and with him, as well as other passengers, we set sail (27th April) on board the Prince of Wales Packet, Captain Sutton, for Boulogne, where a messenger was expected. We landed at this port after a passage of about four hours. The first thing that struck us was to see that women alone were employed in carrying the luggage from the vessel to the inn, even the heaviest trunks.

In the evening we took a little walk about the town, every now and then turning round with astonishment at hearing the little boys and girls in the streets talking French. The harbour of Boulogne was by no means then what it has been since. Immense sums have been spent to make it deeper, and render it considerable enough as a port to overawe England with the large flotilla

it might contain; but it will never be fit for vessels of a large burden, as the entrance will always be choaked up by the sand which the sea is continually throwing into it. Our carriage being arrived from Calais, we had this day (28th April) the first amusing sight of a French postillion and his horses; they have been so often described, that all we might say respecting them would be superfluous. At Abbeville, while we were changing horses, our carriage was surrounded, as happens to every traveller, by numberless beggars. At Amiens we met Hunter, the messenger, with the expected dispatches; his opinion was, that war would be the result of the negotiations.

On the morning of the 30th, we stopped and breakfasted at Beauvais, at a manufactory for printing calicoes, belonging to a house at Paris, with whom we are intimately connected, and were much astonished at the comfortless style of their meal; no table-cloth, and only one knife for the use of the whole party. We arrived at Paris in the afternoon of the 30th, and went to the lodgings which had been taken for us at a boarding-house, Rue d'Amboise, kept by an old Chanoinesse, with whom we did not long agree; so we left her for the Hôtel du Nord, Rue de Richelieu (called, in the revolutionary style, Rue de la Loi). We began by going this very evening to

the theatre Feydeau, where little French Operas and Vaudevilles are performed. It is here, perhaps, that French music and light poetry are combined and heard to the best advantage.

At this period, France had still numberless outward signs of her formidable revolution, such as caps of liberty upon the top of a high tree, placed in the middle of a village; the famous inscriptions of "Fraternité, Unité, Indivisibilité de la Republique ou la Mort," on the public buildings. As to its internal effects, fifty years, a century, perhaps, will not efface them; for the same principles which governed the conduct of Marat, Robespierre, and others, are adopted by Bonaparte, and will invariably be so, whatever may be his title.

The very kind reception we met with at Paris, from many friends with whom we were already acquainted, and from those with whom we were only connected by correspondence, will always be a subject of pleasing recollection to ourselves, and a proof of the high esteem they entertained for our excellent father.

The misunderstandings between England and France were come to that pitch that Lord Whitworth demanded his passports to return home; it became, therefore, a matter of consideration with us, whether or no we ought to return likewise;

but, upon consulting our friends, according to a wish expressed in a letter from home, they thought that there would be no sort of inconvenience in our remaining at Paris, and then continuing our journey as we intended; at any rate, the worst that could happen to us would be to be sent out of the country within an appointed time. In this reliance we remained at Paris, foolishly thinking that the French government and First Consul would act with the same respect for the laws of nations, and with the same honour as other states; but the result proved that there was something new under the sun.

On the morning of the 23d May, while one of us was writing home, we were much surprised by the visit of a police officer, accompanied by a gendarme, who presented us with a paper for our signature, requiring us to present ourselves to the staff of Paris within twenty-four hours. As soon as these unwelcome guests were gone, we went to some of our friends to inquire into the cause of this measure: an article in the Moniteur of the day soon explained it; the import of this article was, that *all Englishmen in the military service, or liable to be drawn for the militia, from the age of eighteen to sixty, should be arrested and treated as prisoners of war.*

The perusal of this paragraph somewhat tran-

quillized us, as it did not appear applicable to us, and our friends seemed to entertain no doubt that our explanation would be sufficient to deliver us from any further molestation. Our next step was to go, according to appointment, to the staff, of which General Junot* was the chief, as being Deputy Commandant of Paris; to him we explained that we were not military, nor liable to be drawn for the militia. His answer to this observation was, "Que le Premier Consul regardait tout le Monde comme étant sujet à la Milice;" and at the same time gave each of us an order, of which the following is a copy; by which it will be seen that we had only forty-eight hours to prepare for quitting Paris.

1re Division Militaire, No. 17. *Liberté.* *Egalité.*

Etat Major Gènéral.

Au Quartier Géneral à Paris le 3 Praireal an 11 de la République Français une & indivisible. J. A. Junot, Général Divisionaire Commandant par Interim la 1re Division Militaire et la Ville de Paris.

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* One of the worthy companions of Napoleon Bonaparte, who, like himself, had risen from the lowest situations. He was one of those who went to Egypt, and returned with Bonaparte: he received the title of Duke of Abrantes for the exploit of penetrating to Lisbon.

Ordonne en conséquence des ordres du Premier Consul à Mr. H—— C——, Négociant Anglais de se rendre à Fontainebleau, ou il restera Prisonnier sur Parole jusqu'à nouvel Ordre du Prèmier Consul ; il devra en arrivant se presenter au Commandant de la Place, et lui Communiquer le present Ordre. Il devra être arrivé à Fontainebleau le 5 du Courant (25 May).

(Signé) JUNOT.

Signature du Porteur,
H. C.

There was now no other method of proceeding than to set off for Fontainebleau, leaving it to our friends to take the steps that might be deemed most likely to procure our liberation, or obtain permission for our return to Paris.

The 25th of May we left Paris, and arrived the same day at the country residence of so many French monarchs. There were but very few of our countrymen before us, so that we had a good choice of apartments; they were pretty numerous, but in bad repair. It was the custom of the inhabitants, when the court came to Fontainebleau, to let a part of their houses to the nobles and other persons who followed it; but the revolution had, of course, put an end to this practice; so that the apartments were shewn to us after having been shut up and neglected for above twelve years. The inhabitants saw with pleasure this influx of English, who, in a few days, amounted to about eighty individuals; although as many more had,

through favor, not been removed from Paris. We had taken lodgings in Rue de l'Arbre Sec, paying no more than one louis a week for a sitting-room, two bed-rooms, and an anti-room.

We visited the Château, of which a part was occupied by a military school for cavalry; the other parts were the ruined apartments of the unfortunate Lewis XVI.; in the chapel were still a few pictures among the rubbish; not the least furniture in any room; but at the end of a suite of apartments was an octagon boudoir of the Queen's, which had remained untouched, and the painting on the stucco all around it was so highly preserved, that it appeared to have been done but a short time. From this apartment was a view of one side of the castle, of a beautiful bason of water, in which are, or were, at least, before the revolution, some fish above an hundred years old, which used to come to the surface of the water to be fed by those who were passing by. Beyond this were many beautiful trees, forming the most magnificent avenues; scenes that naturally recalled to the recollection that interesting interview between Le bon Henri IV. and his great minister, Sully, who, after justifying his conduct, received from his master every mark of confidence and friendship, in presence of the jealous courtiers, who were waiting, at the extremity of

one of these very avenues, the result of this conference, which, contrary to their expectation, re-established this worthy man's reputation in the eyes of his grateful sovereign*.

In the council-room, one might imagine the pompous Lewis XIV. surrounded by the Grand Condé, Marshal Turenne, the Dauphin, and many other men worthy of being remembered, preparing some plan of conquest; but what must be the reflections of any one at this moment, on royalty gone by as a shadow, leaving scarcely a vestige of its ancient grandeur? The lofty timber of the forest of Fontainebleau seemed to regret that its shade was no longer spread over royal heads; the scene was changed; trembling royalists, sanguinary jacobins, and Englishmen who were travelling upon the faith of passports, and arrested against the laws of nations, now trod its paths.

We were much surprised one day that we were walking through the streets of the town, in recognising at a distance an old acquaintance; he was returning home from Italy, and had been stopped in the same way as ourselves. We imagined that he had returned to England, and he

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* See Sully's Memoirs, Book XX.

knew nothing of our being on the Continent, so the surprise at meeting was mutual. We engaged him to take lodgings with us; but our arrangements did not last long, for we received, a few days after, permission to return to Paris. It may be worth while to mention that, during our stay at Fontainebleau, we one night took a stage-box at the theatre (which could contain, perhaps, about two hundred persons); we had, in consequence, the privilege of naming the play. The whole box cost us six or seven livres (about five shillings and sixpence).

We were informed of the favor granted us of returning to the capital on going to sign our names (31st May) at the Commandant's; which we had been ordered to do regularly every day. A letter had been received by him from the Commandant of Paris, mentioning that we might return thither. Our luggage was soon ready, and at two o'clock we were off, and between eight and nine arrived at Paris.

On the same evening, we called upon one or two of our friends; and the next morning, as soon as convenient, we went to Junot's, who told us that we were indebted to Madame Recamier (a very pretty woman, wife of a then eminent banker of Paris) for this favor. He told us that it would be requisite for us to sign our names once

a week at the police office, with which requisition we readily complied.

Thus we remained at Paris unmolested for about six weeks.

We went to see the Palace of Versailles (23d June, 1803). Its outward appearance is much the same as it was in brighter times, except the want, here and there, of some trifling repairs. The inside is nothing but devastation and destruction ; naked rooms, instead of a rich display of tapestry, satin and velvet, and gold mouldings. The theatre, which was once covered with gold, crimson, mirrors, and lustres of exquisite workmanship ; which was once filled with the descendants of an ancient hereditary nobility, and of a long list of kings, admiring the talents of the *Le Kains*, the *Molés*, applauding the chef d'œuvres of the *Molieres* and the *Racines*, has just enough remaining to convey to the spectator's mind an idea of what it was, and strikes one with horror at the thought of the blood of the greatest and most noble part of its audience having flowed through the streets of the metropolis ; and that, of those individuals who did escape, by far the greater number are now acting strange parts indeed. Is it true that "all the world's a stage?" Aye, and a truth awfully exemplified to him who has seen the theatre of Versailles, as it was left by

the revolutionists of France. The Orangerie has suffered little, and many fine trees are still to be seen. We visited the two Trianons. These residences are in a very neglected state, as well as the gardens which surround them; all the furniture, and every thing that could be carried off, had been sold or destroyed, and the royal inhabitant of one of them, Madame Elizabeth, had suffered on the scaffold.

We slept at a friend's house at Versailles, and the following day were entertained with a scene very different from the foregoing. Mr. Oberkampf, one of our commercial connections, resides at Jouy, a few miles from Versailles; he had then the most extensive manufactory in France for printing calicoes: we spent the day with him, and went over the whole of the establishment, which furnished about two thousand men, women, or children, with employment. Bonaparte, upon visiting this manufactory, was so satisfied, that he took from his own buttonhole the decoration of the Legion d'Honneur, and presented it to Mr. Oberkampf.

Paris is so well known, that it would be superfluous in this short Narrative to say much about it. We, of course, visited most of the theatres, which are numerous. The *Grand Opera;* the theatre *Français,* for Tragedies and Comedies;

the theatre *Bouffe*, or Italian Opera; the theatre *Feydeau*, for little French Operas or Entertainments; theatre *Louvois*, for the same; theatre du *Montansier*, for Farces; besides other smaller theatres, to the number of about half a dozen. The famous Gallery of the Louvre, containing the pictures already in France, besides those brought from Italy and Flanders, after their conquest, is magnificent, but not favorable to the exhibition of the pictures, the whole of which were not put up; but it would at least take a month to see properly all those which are placed: it was at that time in contemplation to block up the windows all along, and open the ceiling, the only way of making it a complete picture gallery. Underneath, on the ground floor, were the statues, among which are the Venus de Medicis, the Apollon du Belvedere, the Laocoon, &c. &c. Another object, nearly as interesting as the former, is the Gobelins, or the manufactory of tapestry. A remarkable circumstance is, that the workman seldom sees the result of his work till it is finished, as he stands behind it. At a small distance, the work is equal to any painting, and the colours are, if any thing, finer, and perfectly durable.

Among the finest buildings are Nôtre Dame, or the Cathedral, the Pantheon, the Hôtel des Invalides, of which the chapel contains all the co-

lours taken from the enemy; the Louvre, and its colonnade. The Boulevards, which surround the city, and are planted with trees, form a very pleasant walk, and are crowded on summer evenings with the inhabitants of Paris. In hot weather, however, the dust is often intolerable, in spite of frequent watering. Paris is made airy, by many houses and hotels having gardens of their own; and to this circumstance, together with the custom of burning wood for fuel, and not coal, as in England, may be in a great degree ascribed the happy atmosphere of this capital. The Jardin des Plantes, in which is the Cabinet d'Histoire Naturelle, is worth the attention of every traveller. The Jardin des Tuileries is mostly open, and is the resort of numbers; of an evening especially, the walks look like a public fair.

The society of Paris is more than any thing else affected by the revolution; that is, the general society; for, of course, there are private parties. The new families in place meet together; but what can be the pleasure of that society where individuals are afraid of saying what they think? Besides, their manners must be so different from what can be called polite, that, had they much to say for themselves, it could be only in that language which they have learnt in their youth,

and must betray the lowness of their origin. Those of the ancient nobility who have accepted of places under the new system, are obliged to associate with the former, from political necessity, but find that they are egregiously misplaced in such company. There is another set of individuals who make a totally separate society, and meet together to bewail their lost grandeur; these are the former nobles, and men of quality, who have almost all been emigrants, are attached to the Bourbons, and are unwilling to have any thing to do with the new government: from necessity, or opinion, some of them do now and then consent to become subservient to the tyrant of France, but the number of the former is still very great. This society of persons is very much watched by the spies of the government, and are kept in such a state of submission that nothing is to be feared from them; though, should any thing turn the scale of politics, and bring the former royal family to light again, these people would be probably foremost in the cause; but all this can be but conjecture. There are smaller societies among the bankers, or commercial part of this community, which are not remarkable for any particular political opinions. The general discontent at Bonaparte's government may have altered things, as it is certain it has cast a gloom over

the whole of France, as well as the inhabitants of Paris.

The number of English that were still at Paris seemed to give offence to the government, which grew every day more exasperated against England, so that a new order was sent to every one to present themselves to the staff, which we did this day (14th July). We were kept waiting some time in General Junot's anti-room, together with several other Englishmen, among whom was Mr. Wickham and the Earl of Elgin, who was returning home through France from Constantinople, where he had been some time ambassador, and was made prisoner in the same infamous way as ourselves: his Lordship was permitted, according to his request, to go to Barreges, a small place at the foot of the Pyrenees, where there are very salutary mineral waters. During his Lordship's stay there, he was sent into close confinement for several weeks, in a miserable room in the Château du Loude in the Pyrenees, as a measure of *représailles* on the part of the French government for the removal of General Boyer from one town to another while a prisoner in England, in consequence of ill behaviour. Our fate was next to be decided, and was so, much to our satisfaction. The different towns to which the French government purposed sending the English, were Meaux,

Melun, Fontainebleau, or Verdun; but a relation had obtained of Junot permission for us to go to Geneva, where many of our near paternal relations reside. We received this intelligence with pleasure, thinking ourselves far more fortunate than most of those who were waiting with us. One, however, was as lucky as ourselves: Junot happened to be in a good humor (for the humors of these revolutionary upstarts are as changeable as the wind); so Mr. Wickham, upon being asked where he would wish to go to, said, to Geneva, and received the immediate reply of, "à la bonne heure." Mr. Wickham is in the medical line, and had obtained at Oxford a travelling fellowship.

Geneva, from its celebrated University and the number of clever men it contains, was, therefor, next to Paris, the most advantageous town for Mr. Wickham's pursuits. The following instance of Junot's ill humor, will shew that the above opinion of him has not been dictated by prejudice. A friend of Mr. Wickham's, the Rev. Mr. Lee, who had been appointed to appear the next day, asked for the same favor as his travelling companion: Junot flew into a great passion, treated him with great contempt and grossness, ordering him to go to Fontainebleau.

The 16th July 1803, we left Paris to sleep at

Fontainebleau, and to pay a visit, en passant, to our friend whom we had left there. We were afterwards informed that we had done well to set off on that day, as the First Consul, displeased at this permission, had given orders to stop us at the gates of Paris if we had not already passed.

The following morning we set off again, passing through Sens, Auxerre, Macon, to Bourg, where we stopped three hours, on account of a violent hail-storm. While breakfasting at Pont d'Ain, Mr. Wickham, who had been through Lyons, joined us: we travelled this day (20th July) together, and visited the remarkable Perte du Rhone, notwithstanding the rain. This rapid river, which issues out of the lake of Geneva, and is shortly after augmented by the Arve, is totally lost to the eye in the subterraneous cavities of the rocks, which nearly impede its course. At a few hundred yards distance, the water comes out much lower than where it is lost, and forms a sort of whirlpool, looking more like oil than water.

Mr. Wickham left us at St. Geuix, the last stage before Geneva, wishing to arrive that night at Geneva, though late; but we remained at this place, in order to call the next morning (21st July) at a village named Bourdigny, where our nearest relatives resided. We were received by them with every mark of affection, and in the

afternoon went to Geneva, in order to arrive on the day appointed by the government. We immediately called on the General, whom we did not see that evening. It was rather singular that while the permission was granted us to reside at Geneva, others who were already there received orders to go to Verdun: of this number were the Hon. Algernon Percy, Mr. Edgeworth, Mr. Dandy, and Mr. Packington. We saw General Dupuch this morning (22d July), who received us pretty civilly, though he seemed inclined to include us in the Verdun party; but our orders were of a later date than those that the Minister at War had addressed to him, so he left us quiet.

The Prefect, Mons. De Barante, was polite, as also the Mayor of the town, Mr. Maurice, who had known our paternal relatives from a boy. It would be useless to name a number of friends and commercial correspondents, who contributed greatly to the pleasure we enjoyed at Geneva for many years after.

As our stay there was by no means certain, we thought better to begin and see a little of the magnificent surrounding country. The 29th July, we went with some friends to the top of Mount Salève. It is about five miles distant from Geneva, and commands a beautiful view of the lake and of the valley in which the town lies.

This summer was a very hot one; there was no rain for nearly four months, and most of the wells were dried up. The thermometer of Reaumur was as high as 29 *.

It was, however, very favorable weather for the excursion to the valley of Chamouni and the Glaciers of Savoy, on which we set off on Tuesday, the 9th August, 1803, in company with three ladies and a gentleman, all relations of ours: the weather was fine, and the roads, for this country, very good. In the course of three quarters of an hour we reached the village of Chesne, which formerly belonged partly to Geneva and partly to Savoy; a rivulet called the Seime, running through the middle of the village, was the boundary of each nation's territory. It has two churches; one on the Protestant side, for the Genevans; the other on the Roman Catholic side, for the Savoyards, who, after having been sworn enemies for some centuries, are now subject to one common master. The road, very shortly, runs between the two mountains which are nearest to Geneva, Les Voïrons and Salève: the Mole, of a broad-based sugar-loaf form, completely covered with snow in winter, and quite green in summer, is a little be-

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* 97 of Fahrenheit.

yond, to the left, deceiving the eye of the traveller, who, from Geneva, would suppose it touches Salève, whereas it is four leagues distant from it. In mountainous countries, the deception, as to distances and heights, is continual. We made our first stop, after four hours drive, at a small town called Bonneville ; it is the usual residence of one of the Sous Prefets of the department du Leman. As soon as our horses had been sufficiently refreshed we again started, and began from hence to have some conception of the scenery which these fertile valleys and rugged mountains would soon present to us. The river Arve runs nearly parallel with the road the whole of the way to Chamouni, and its course, sometimes through a very narrow pass in the rocks, then over a wide extended bed, exhibits a constant variety. The next village is Cluse, which is rather a dirty spot, but, by its picturesque situation, is too engaging to admit of any other thought. It commands the entrance of the valley which we were approaching, and, from its position, had been one of the strong holds of the Barons, during their wars one with another : many ruins of their fortified castles are to be seen on the heights in these mountains, and attest the warlike spirit of our forefathers. The road was, in many parts, bordered by apple, pear, and walnut trees, and a few cottages. Cows and goats were grazing

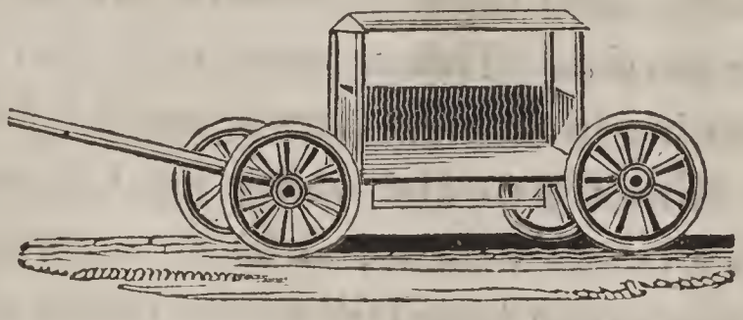
here and there; and our constant neighbour, the river Arve, arrested our attention by its roaring, when it did not open itself to our view. This river takes its source near the Col de Balme, a height on which the boundary stone between Savoy and the Valais is placed. It is considerably increased by the melting of ice and snow, and the waters of other springs, which run into it. Its temperature is about nine degrees colder than that of a common river. It is not navigable, on account of its shallowness and the tremendous rapidity of its current; for, from its source to the place where it joins the Rhone, a distance of fifty or sixty miles, it descends no less than four hundred toises, or two thousand six hundred English feet. The inhabitants of Geneva have recourse to this river as a cold bath.

At six o'clock we arrived at St. Martin, a village consisting of a dozen houses, besides a bad inn, where we were to pass the night. After having taken some refreshment, it was our wish to acquire an idea of the surrounding country; we were, however, prevented by the rain, as we were directing our steps towards Salenche, a small town, half a mile from St. Martin, but having still worse accommodations. The following morning was not finer than the evening had been, and no horses to be had until eleven o'clock; we

then got into our charabancs, the only carriage which the roads beyond Saint Martin will admit of.

The width between the wheels is about two-thirds the width between those of an English coach; it holds three persons, who ride sideways and abreast of one another, with their legs hanging down, and their feet resting on a board suspended at about ten inches from the ground. This vehicle is very low, so as to enable the travellers to get in and out with greater facility; the torrents and bad roads rendering it dangerous to remain in them.

The annexed engraving may convey some notion of the charabanc.



At three o'clock we stopped at Servoz to refresh ourselves and our horses: this village, consisting of a few straggling hovels, is at the foot of a very steep mountain; near to the inn, on one side, are the remains of a neglected salt-mine; and not far off, on the other, stands, upon a small elevation, a monument erected to the memory of a young

German, who, in an excursion over the adjacent mountains, in spite of the cautions of his guide, went astray, and fell into a crevice in the ice of the Buet: the rapidity with which he had slipped down, from fifty to a hundred feet, between two walls of solid ice, had wedged him in so completely at the bottom, that the men who were let down by ropes to get him up, were under the necessity of knocking away the ice from around his body, which was quite frozen. His hands bore the marks of the efforts he had made to extricate himself from this dreadful death. In a subsequent excursion over that very mountain, the Buet, we had for one of our guides a man who had served as such to the party of this young German, and had moreover been one of those let down by ropes to extricate the corpse. This monument is also intended as a warning to others. Servoz is not far from the narrow entrance to the valley of Chamouni, of which we could form no idea, on account of the heavy rain which lasted till we got to the end of our day's journey, at the village of the Prieuré, after passing some torrents rendered really tremendous by the quantity of rain that had fallen. Between Servoz and Chamouni we went a few hundred yards out of the way to see the lake and cascade of Chede: the water of the lake is of the most beautiful blue, as we perceived in our second excur-

sion, while the weather was fine. The cascade, though not large, is surrounded by romantic scenery, and the effect of the sun shining through the spray, and forming a rainbow, is beautiful.

We met with a most agreeable Swiss party at the inn; and with these ladies and gentlemen, eight in number, we took our measures for going to the Montanverd the next morning. A thick mist covered the valley, but, unwilling to put off the party, we prepared to set off after breakfast. The ladies mounted *à califourchon* * on mules, and covered with old great coats from the innkeeper's wardrobe; the gentlemen, provided with long poles, having an iron point at one extremity, for the purpose of walking on the ice; servants and guides loaded with provisions, in all thirty-six persons, began moving towards the ascent. In about half an hour we had got above the clouds, and the weather over head was beautiful: a breeze sprung up, and, as we were ascending, carried away the clouds, uncovering the luxuriant valley to our view; another gust of wind changed the scene, by enveloping us in a cloud, which in its turn was borne away: this was the state of the weather until twelve o'clock. To describe the

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* (*i. e.* astride.)

effect of these immense clouds rolling along, and viewed from a height of three or four thousand feet, would be next to impossible. The tremendous rapidity of these large bodies, the verdant valley, or the inaccessible rugged summits which alternately appeared as the clouds passed from before them ; the dark foliage of the evergreens, through which the ice, sometimes blue, sometimes white, is to be seen, fill the mind with serious and awful reflections, affording a just notion of the limited powers of man. The ladies were under the necessity of leaving their mules about half way, part of the ascent being impracticable for them ; we afforded the ladies some assistance, however, by making them walk between two of the long poles, supported at the extremities by two men ; thus, by leaning on the poles, they were much relieved from the fatigue of so steep an ascent.

We reached the Montanverd after three hours walking, and the sun shone with its wonted splendor. Here we made a fire in a small room erected on this spot for the convenience of travellers ; for the air being so much colder on the mountains than it is below, it becomes necessary to take this precaution against catching cold after the severe exercise of such a walk. From the Montanverd some of us descended on the Mer de Glace, which is formed by large waves of ice, and

is of the extent of many miles. It reaches to the Montblanc, and communicates with all those glaciers which extend downward into the valley of Chamouni. There are numberless and wide cracks in this Mer de Glace, which are so many canals for the melted ice and snow. The Arveiron, the Arve, and many other rivers, or torrents, in these or other vallies, are formed by the uniting of all this melted ice and snow. In the circumference of a grassy amphitheatre we set down to a most cheerful dinner: a song was afterwards proposed, but the request not being complied with by any individual, two of the Swiss ladies began our noble air of God save the King, nor could we refrain from joining. It is most probable that this song had never before been sung on so elevated a point of the earth; and the surrounding majestic view seemed to our English feelings to give it a new degree of solemnity and expression.

Upon quitting the Montanverd, the party divided. Our cousins and ourselves, desirous of seeing the source of the Arveiron, descended by a very rapid path called *La Filia*. As we were going down, a noise like the distant rolling of thunder attracted our notice. A piece of ice having detached itself from the top of the Mer de Glace, by its bounding and rebounding in its fall, pro-

duced the noise, which, being re-echoed through the mountains, seemed like thunder: this, in the language of the country, is called an *avalanche.* We were met in our way down by a woman and a boy, who, seeing us from below, brought us some fresh milk, which, together with the wild strawberries we gathered, even close to the ice, which in some places bordered the path, were an acceptable dessert to our good dinner. We at last reached the source de l'Arveiron, a torrent formed by the melting of ice and snow: the water forces its way underneath the ice (which is no less than fifty, and, in some parts, perhaps one or two hundred feet thick), carrying away every thing that might impede its progress; such as pieces of rock, trees, immense blocks of ice that occasionally fall into it, and producing a very considerable noise. During the winter months, the arch formed under this mass by the continual running of the water is often nearly filled by the formation of additional ice. The return of the summer sun, however, always restores this arch to its former dimensions, as soon as the heat is sufficient to melt the snow and ice on the summit of the mountains, and thus to form a stream powerful enough to enlarge the contracted channel. Sometimes this arch, when much undermined, gives way, with a tremendous crash: of this our ears can give ample testimony;

for part of it had fallen in a few days since, and we were witnesses to the downfal of the other half. The thundering noise re-echoed through the mountains; the immense bodies of ice, some to the size of ten feet cube, hurled along with frightful rapidity, or dashed to pieces upon some rock still daring to oppose the stream, struck us at once with terror as well as admiration. From this scene, not easily to be effaced from our memory, we returned to the village of Le Prieuré, to enjoy a most cheerful supper with our Swiss acquaintance. The following day (12th August), we returned to St. Martin, and the next day to Geneva, highly delighted with this short trip to the glaciers, which we were determined to visit a second time if possible.

There were at Geneva, besides Mr. Wickham and ourselves, the Earl of Beverley, his Lady, and two of their daughters, Ladies Susan and Emily Percy; Mr. and Mrs. Ansley, who obtained permission to spend the winter at Nice, on account of Mr. Ansley's bad state of health, and Mr. and Mrs. Hereford.

Verdun was now become the principal depôt of English prisoners; many respectable men were of the number, and by them a school was established for those boys who otherwise would have wasted their youth, and most probably become bad cha-

racters; and their charitable actions towards their indigent countrymen were of daily occurrence, but they were surpassed by the base and unprincipled conduct of others, who made of this town a sort of infernal den. Some particulars of the imprisonment of the English at Verdun, and the abominable transactions that took place there, will no doubt be given by some one of those who have suffered there for many years. As we fortunately were never sent there, we cannot give an exact account of the deplorably memorable proceedings of the French Governor of the town, and of many unprincipled Englishmen and Irishmen.

We had never been able to ascertain the true cause of our detention, as the French government at the time gave no reason for this breach of the laws of nations. It had been said, that it was in consequence of our ships having taken some French vessels before the declaration of war. In consequence of this report, the English at Verdun drew up a petition, offering to pay the value of the said vessels, in order to obtain the liberation of themselves and their countrymen who had not been able to sign. This petition was rejected by the Minister at War at Paris, upon the grounds (as he said) that that was not the only reason for which we had been arrested. Shortly after, the following report was circulated among the Eng-

lish, for the foundation of which we cannot pledge ourselves, although many occurrences rather disposed us to believe its truth. The famous expedition for the descent in England had been in preparation ever since the beginning of the war, all along the French coast in the channel, and principally at Boulogne. A great number of troops were encamped in that part of France; among these were some particular corps, such as that of Les Guides, which was wholly composed of those French emigrants who, during the revolution, had been received like brothers, and had experienced that generosity of which our country can with reason boast above every other. These ungrateful wretches having, of course, got some knowledge of the English language, and of those parts of England which they had frequented, would have been of some use in shewing the way upon landing, or pointing out those places which might perhaps be fit for plunder. Another corps, called the Irish Brigade, composed of rebellious and disaffected Irishmen, was likewise to give its *friendly* aid against the sister country. Supposing, therefore, that the descent had ever been attempted, every Irishman taken by the English, with arms in his hands, would have been shot, according to the laws of war. The report then alluded to is this, that Bonaparte kept *us* to an-

swer with our heads for every Irishman that might have been so treated: this was our blessed state of security, while we remained in the power of the Corsican.

A new fit of anger burst out at this time (December, 1803). The French government gave out orders for sending the military English to Valenciennes, all others to Verdun; and *les réfractaires* (that is, those who would not willingly submit to its caprice) to the Château de Bitche, which afterwards became the horrible residence of those who, with or without intention, gave any cause of displeasure. These orders extended to us, as well as to all our countrymen in other parts of France; but, through the obliging conduct of General Molitor, commanding the military division at Grenoble*, it did not ultimately affect us, or those English who were at Geneva. This General, upon receiving his orders concerning us, wrote back to Paris, mentioning the circumstance of the English at Geneva being there by special permission, and hoping that they would not

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* France is divided into military divisions, consisting of from three to six departments, and each commanded by a General of Division. The departments have each a General of Brigade, besides the commander of fortified towns, or fortresses, when there are any.

be comprised in any general order; he informed General Dupuch, at Geneva, of what he had done, requesting him "*de s'assurer de leurs personnes*" until an answer could be received; by this he certainly only meant him to ascertain whether we were all at Geneva, as we were on parole, and to inform us of what was going forward, in order that we might lose no time in making our private applications for the continuation of our residence there. The stupid Dupuch thought proper to set a guard upon us all (thereby evidently annulling our parole), and for about six weeks we were, from the opening to the shutting of the gates, followed by Monsieur Nicolas Valentin, a good-natured sergeant of a regiment of foot, who was as much annoyed by this sort of service as ourselves, the only difference lying in this, that he received and we paid three francs per diem. This would have been the moment for escaping; Mr. Wickham, Mr. Hereford, and ourselves, were of that opinion, but were all prevented from carrying it into execution by the unwillingness of Lord Beverley to be of the party. This delicacy of conduct cost us six years longer captivity.

Every step was taken by ourselves and our friends at Geneva to secure our remaining there. Letters for General Junot were forwarded to our friends at Paris, who exerted their influence there in our

behalf. Their answer announced the almost complete success of their exertions; permission was granted us to remain at Geneva until the first of Germinal following (22d March), provided the Mayor would be personally answerable for us. With this he most obligingly complied without hesitation. If this was but a temporary permission, it at least left us time to make new applications for a further prolongation, which we afterwards did with success. Our sergeant of course took himself off as soon as the General had received his orders, 13th January 1804, and things began to go on smoothly again. The other English were as successful in their steps as ourselves, perhaps more so, they not being subject to any limited time.

We experienced in the course of this month the warmest weather that perhaps was ever felt in that country in winter time. On the 15th January 1804 the thermometer placed outside of our windows, exposed to the north, was at ten degrees above 0 of Reaumur's scale *. We could have done perfectly well without a fire.

The time for applying for a fresh permission was drawing nigh, so we wrote to our friends at Paris

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* Equal to 54½ of Fahrenheit.

to request that our petition might be presented; which was accordingly done, and we were shortly informed, that the minister at war had renewed, upon the same terms as before, the permission for us to remain at Geneva until the 1er Messidor An 12re (20 June 1804). Our friends seemed to rejoice at this news as much as ourselves; indeed there are few places where so much friendship is expressed as at Geneva, perhaps a little more than is felt; but a great deal is really shewn. This arises, most likely, from the intimacy existing among all the inhabitants according to their station. The protestant religion, which prevails there, is one great cause of Genevans not marrying with their neighbours the French and Savoyards (they married little even with the Swiss). They therefore naturally intermarry among themselves, so that every family is more or less connected; a circumstance which greatly strengthens their mutual interest and affection. Being ourselves of a Genevan family, we felt the agreeable effects of this general good-will. There were also other reasons, little less important than the foregoing, for the uncommon friendship which was shewn to us, namely, our being Englishmen (who are always well received at Geneva), and the peculiar situation in which we were placed.

Our frequent apprehensions, lest we should be

deprived of permission to remain at Geneva, caused us many moments of anxiety ; so few were the special favors granted at that time, as they almost wholly depended upon Bonaparte himself, that it would have been no wonder had it fallen to our lot to visit Verdun. We however managed, what with balls, concerts, dinners, and other parties, to spend a most pleasant winter. In the month of April we had the idea of buying some land, having heard that an Englishman had been able, by this measure, to secure his residence in an eligible part of France, but from the advice of our Paris friends we gave up the idea. Another unlucky circumstance happened, which was nearly fatal to our hopes of longer residence at Geneva. Mr. Hereford, who was still under the care of his sergeant, made his escape on the evening of the 18th June; this so much irritated General Rheinwald *, commanding the department, that he sent two gendarmes to guard us day and night, giving orders, that if the official permission for us did not arrive by the time the former expired (1re

* General Rheinwald was by birth an Alsacian, and had been in the service of the Elector of Baden as corporal. During the French revolution he rose to the rank of Brigadier-General, in the service of France, proving by his gross manners his low origin. He was killed during the Austrian campaign of 1810.

Messidor, 20th June), we must set out for Verdun. This official order in our favor did not in fact arrive; and notwithstanding the private information we had from Paris that our permission was on the road to Grenoble, notwithstanding the solicitation of the Prefect, the Mayor, and General Dupuch, who proposed to General Rheinwald, at our request, to put us into prison until the orders should arrive, nothing would satisfy this drunken Alsacian but our setting off within twenty-four hours of the expiration of our present permission; so we were obliged to pack up, and drove that evening (21st June 1804) as far as Gex, with a gendarme in our carriage. We were not obliged to go post, but merely by etapes *, having one day's rest after three of travelling. We naturally availed ourselves of this, as it could not but be desirable to get to Verdun as late as possible. There was besides another circumstance, which gave us some

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* The military roads in France are divided into marches or military stages, of between twenty and thirty miles each. When a regiment or any body of soldiers set out on a march, they receive a *feuille de route,* fixing the places or stations at which they are to arrive each day, marching three days, and resting the fourth. These stations are called etapes. The word originally signified the rations distributed to the soldiers, but afterwards came to be applied to the place where they were distributed.

hopes of being recalled on the road. One of our friends was so good as to go "à franc étrier*" as far as Grenoble, a distance of twenty-eight leagues, in order to ascertain if General Molitor had received our new permission. Fortunately the General had received it, and was going to send it by the post to Geneva, not supposing that we should have been treated so harshly. Our friend brought it with him, together with a letter of severe reproof from General Molitor to General Rheinwald, for which the latter never forgave us. Our second day's journey (22d June 1804) was from Gex to St. Claude, by crossing two chains of the mountains called the Jura. The Jura extends nearly from Lyons to Basle, and formerly was the limit of France towards Switzerland and the Genevan Republic. The roads were so infamously bad, that had it not been for the expensive assistance of a number of men and horses, who were either employed in dragging the carriage up hill, or preventing its falling into a precipice, we could not have got on at all. We however arrived safe at St. Claude, a small town in the department du Jura, lying in a very picturesque situation, closely surrounded by mountains. It is

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* Riding on post horses.

a clean place, remarkable for the snuff-boxes, flageolets, whistles, bowls, and other toys, which are turned from box-wood. The houses are all covered with wood, cut in the form of flat tiles, which are called *tavillons.* It is rather remarkable that the inhabitants still continue this practice, as it has been often the cause of a conflagration spreading much farther than it otherwise would have done. Some few years back, almost the whole village was burnt to the ground, and subscriptions were made in Switzerland, Savoy, and the environs of St. Claude, for the inhabitants. Such however is the force of habit, that they can no more avoid making use of tavillons than the inhabitants in the vicinity of Mount Vesuvius can help building on that very lava which had destroyed their own habitations.

We thought that this would be a convenient place to gain a day, in order to give our friends more time to overtake us in the event of their sending after us. Accordingly one of us feigned sickness; we sent for the best medical assistance of the place, and were much amused by the importance with which a little quack hump-backed fellow told the patient, for a handsome fee of twelve livres, that he had better not travel the next day, but cool his blood with a little *tisane.* The doctor's prescription satisfied the gendarme;

we remained the third day (23 June) of our journey at St. Claude, and in the evening, while taking a walk out of the town towards the Genevan road, we had the pleasure of seeing two of our friends arrive with an order for us to return. Our supper was rather more gay than that of the former night, and the next morning (24 June) we were off pretty early, in order to be able to reach Geneva the same evening, which we did with as much joy as our disappointment had been great in leaving it.

The road from St. Claude, from its highest point, on the Jura, commands a most beautiful view of Geneva, the lake, and the mountains surrounding them, and principally the chain of the Alps, and among them the Mont Blanc and the Buet, which are covered with perpetual snows. What contributed to its beauty was the clearness of the day and our own feelings. It would have been possible more than once, to have escaped during this journey, but motives of delicacy prevented us.

Every now and then something happened which gave us hopes that our captivity was not to be of much longer duration: it was a current report at Verdun, that, on the day of the coronation of Bonaparte as Emperor, we should all be released; a rumour which was unhappily contradicted by the event.

Mademoiselle Contat, a celebrated comic actress from Paris, paid a visit to Geneva in the summer of 1804, on her way to the Glaciers. She was now no longer young, but her conversation was very agreeable and witty, and her manners were good, for she had always frequented the high circles of Paris : how far it was consonant with the manners of Geneva to regale this lady, would be difficult to say, but so it was. She still retained her theatrical name, although married a few years since to a Monsieur de Parny, who was of her party, together with one of her daughters, Mademoiselle Amalrique de Narbonne; and the ear was sometimes strangely struck at hearing Mr. de Parny introduce in company " Mademoiselle de Narbonne fille de Mademoiselle Contat, ma femme;" but things of this kind are endured in France.

Having obtained leave of General Molitor to make another tour to the Glaciers, we set out from Geneva on the 21st August, in company with Mr. F. Sarasin de Maraise, of Paris.

At eleven we reached Bonneville. After dinner we continued our journey, and the weather having cleared, we were much pleased, as we rode along the side of the *Brezon,* with the contrast offered by the richness of the verdure at its base, and the barrenness of its rocky summit. The small habita-

tions of the peasants and mountaineers, surrounded by well cultivated lands, gave additional interest to the scene. From the village of Cluse, which is at the entrance of the Alps, our road was through a beautiful valley, enclosed on each side by immense and lofty mountains, whose overhanging summits seemed to threaten destruction to the astonished traveller.

The eye finds relief from their awful aspect by resting on the lower mountains of this grand chain, which, though less imposing than the towering heights which surround them, attract the admiration of the spectator, by the beauty of their verdure and the high state of cultivation, which, in some of them, is carried to summits of two thousand feet in height.

We reached St. Martin at six, much gratified with our day's journey. At the distance of a quarter of a mile is the cascade of *Arpenas*, issuing from a small lake behind the rocks, on the left of St. Martin.

From the bridge which crosses the *Arve*, we enjoyed a most enchanting view of the Mont Blanc, illuminated by the setting sun. This throne of ice, whose summit appeared like a crown of gold, shone forth in awful majesty, whilst the surrounding mountains, and even the clouds that floated above them, were sunk almost in utter darkness. The

scene, however, did not last long : night coming on apace, enveloped us in obscurity, till the rising moon again presented to our view the top of the Mont Blanc, silvered over by her mild beams. This new appearance was less striking than that which we had just before witnessed ; nor was it of long duration, for, black clouds arising, we were forced to return to our inn.

We had the good fortune the next day to meet with two excellent guides, whom we engaged to attend us, as it was of great importance to have those who were well acquainted with the track we wished to follow, it being but rarely frequented, and somewhat dangerous. At the inn we met with Mademoiselle Contat and her party : one would have imagined, from their servants and baggage, that they were going to visit some public place, rather than to explore uninhabited mountains. This lady was greatly mortified to find that we had hired the two best guides, particularly *Balmat des Dames* (so called from his attention in conducting ladies over the Glaciers), whom she had depended on having. The other guide we had engaged was named *Cachat des Aiguilles* (from his being well acquainted with the paths over the rocky heights). As Mademoiselle Contat had met us at several parties at Geneva, she almost insisted on our resigning Balmat, to which however we could

not consent, as he was the best acquainted with the difficult road we meant to take. To oblige her we gave up Cachat, with the promise that, should the weather prevent us pursuing our plan, we would send her Balmat. Mr. de Parny thanked us much, but Mad[lle]. Contat not being satisfied, made a second attempt to get Balmat, but we retreated into our room to avoid farther discussion. Her disappointment must have been great, for Cachat having heard that she intended to be carried up the mountains in a chair (being too corpulent to walk up hill), did not like the job, and set off at five in the morning with two German ladies who could make use of their legs.

We likewise met with Mr. Bourrit, *Chantre* * of the cathedral church at Geneva, who published a book on the Alps and the valley of Chamouni. He strongly opposed our intention of exploring the mountains by the route we proposed, and endeavoured to dissuade us by terrific accounts of similar expeditions, which had often proved fatal. He might perhaps have succeeded in diverting us from the attempt, if we had not previously been advised by Professor Pictet † to take this route

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* The *chantre* is the corresponding office to that of clerk in our churches; he gives out and sings the psalms.

† A distinguished philosopher of the academy at Geneva.

under the direction of the guide we had secured, who was fully competent to point out every danger.

On the 22d of August we set out early in a charabanc, and after a ride of an hour and an half with an unclouded sky, we stopped to view the cascade of *Chede,* situated at a short distance from the road. It was in full beauty, in consequence of the heavy rains which had fallen in July. The water rolled rapidly down the mountain, and dashed over the rocky fragments at its foot, causing a mist to rise like a cloud, which fell over us in a mizzling rain, though at the distance of at least two hundred feet. The beauty of this cascade was much heightened by the singular effect of the sun shining through the rising vapor, and forming a perfect rainbow, which seemed to mix with the water, and renew itself at each succeeding dash, an effect produced only when the sun shines in a particular direction; we were therefore fortunate in having arrived just in time to view it. This delightful scene, rendered still more so by the richness of the surrounding verdure, we scarcely knew how to quit; after crossing some fields and vineyards, we passed the small lake of Chede, remarkable for the clearness of its water: we had a fine view from thence of the Mont Blanc, which appeared in the south like a distant wall,

and of some of the rocky points called *les Aiguilles* (the Needles), which intersect the Glaciers. This prospect, though fine, was desolate; not a hut was to be seen, nor any moving object to enliven it : we reached our vehicle after a short walk, and at ten o'clock arrived at Servoz.

Balmat had left us some time to look for two other guides, recommended by Mr. Pictet, by name Devillaz, father and son, who live at a small village over against Servoz, called Le Mont.

It was past mid-day when Balmat returned with the father Devillaz. We were obliged to take another man, and a mule to carry provisions, straw to lie on, and candles; with these attendants we started at one o'clock, in a scorching sun.

After an hour and an half's ascent, we reached the hut of Devillaz the son, who was making hay on his little domain ; he also took his mule and accompanied us: thus, with a guide for each of us, and mounting, occasionally, the unloaded mule, we moved on until six o'clock in the evening, when we arrived at the Châlets de Villy, situated at the foot of the Montagne d'Anterne, at a considerable height from Servoz.—The word châlet is a local term, and signifies the hovels or sheds which are erected in the mountains of Switzerland and Savoy by the peasantry, to protect themselves and their cattle during the season

of pasture. In these huts they make their stores of butter and cheese in the summer, which they bring down into the lowlands for sale and consumption in the winter months, during which the châlets are entirely abandoned, the cattle being then brought down to the vallies.

To form some idea of these mountain huts, imagine a miserable hovel of twelve feet square, formed of large stones, piled over one another, without mortar or cement. The light coming through every crevice, precludes the necessity of a window: the roof consists of boards, covered with a common sort of slate which is found in the neighbourhood, and, though aukwardly constructed, keeps out the rain. In the inside of one of these huts, in which we took up our quarters, there was a wooden fixture on one side against the wall, serving as a bedstead, and filling one-third of the place. On the opposite side was a little fire-place, but no chimney, by which means we were nearly blinded and smothered with the smoke. On the third side were two shelves, which held the few utensils they wanted, and underneath these was a board fixed on hinges against the wall, to serve as a table; on the fourth side was the door. One could scarcely imagine that we should feel the cold in this small hut, heaped together as we were; but from there being no floor, the ground

felt very damp, as the rain penetrates these places as it flows down the mountain.

After supper it was necessary to prepare for our night's repose, which was not so easy. The bed was occupied by the old woman of the hut, who was very ill, owing to her having ate too much at her daughter's wedding-feast two days before, which had given her an *indigection* (indigestion), as our guides assured us. Had the bed been at liberty, we should not, either of us, have had the courage to encounter all the dirt its tattered appearance bespoke. In vain did we cast our eyes about for a vacant spot to spread our straw ; but, by letting down the table on its hinges, we uncovered a small space just sufficient to receive it.— It fell to our companion's lot to lay close to the old woman's bed, at the foot of which lay the bride and her little brother; the bridegroom was, happily, gone down into the plain. Under the bed crept Devillaz, the father ; the other guides went to seek their fortunes in some neighbouring shed. We might have slept tolerably, but we were so closely packed, that we could not move a limb without waking each other. Add to this, the alarming state of the old woman, who, in the middle of the night, was groaning with pain. Our companion said he was sure she would not live the night through, and indeed this supposition

seemed to be verified, for the groans ceased. De Maraise could not help exclaiming, "Ma foi la voilà morte," but neither of us answered, not knowing what to do; when, shortly after, we were relieved by hearing her groan again. At two in the morning the daughter got up to milk the cows, which were in an adjoining shed, from whence we were treated with a concert composed of cows lowing and tinkling the bells hung round their necks, pigs grunting, cocks crowing, goats and lambs bleating, and mules neighing, one of which finding our door open came in, and would have trampled on us, had not the girl, who perceived him, hastened to turn him out. All this noise and bustle actually made us laugh, although we were very tired and sleepy. At five o'clock our guides came to wake us, and, after breakfasting upon bread and milk, we set off to climb the *Buet*, sometimes called *La Mortine*.

The weather was very fine when we set out, but we had scarcely got half way when we perceived the clouds gathering round us. We did not, however, give up the hope of being able to enjoy a fine prospect; but great was our disappointment, on reaching the summit of the Buet, to find that all beneath us was enveloped in clouds, though now and then we caught a glimpse of the valley of Samoin, to the northward. We could see the

Mont-Blanc very distinctly rising above the clouds, the atmosphere being clear over our heads. We were very glad to have our wrapping cloaks at hand, the cold being intense, and having walked for nearly two hours in the snow, with which this mountain is covered all the year. We did not remain here long, as the weather was so unfavorable, but descended to a place, where we found a cave formed by a heap of stones, just wide enough to admit of our sitting down at its entrance. Here we breakfasted, but were rather distressed for water; when necessity, that mother of invention, suggested the following contrivance. We took one of the huge stones of which the cavern is built, and placed it, already somewhat heated by the sun, so as to receive its rays perpendicularly; we then put some snow upon it, and received it as it melted in our glasses.

It is highly important to have experienced guides in these perilous paths. On one side of the mountain are frightful precipices concealed from the sight by the snow. We resumed our progress, which was easy and pleasant, as long as we were in the snow, as, with the help of our iron-pointed sticks, we slid down in five minutes the distance that we had been a full hour in ascending.

The mode of thus sliding down these precipitous descents is by placing the stick under your arm,

and holding it towards one extremity firmly with both hands: the other extremity, being pointed with iron, is fixed in the snow. The knees are kept perfectly stiff, and the heels brought closely together, and advanced in such a manner as to present the greatest possible resistance, and to retard the impetuosity of the motion. In this position, the man and his pointed stick form as it were one body, and travel downward with great rapidity, but perfect safety.

When we got to the end of our icy path, we took another direction, which was shorter, but so rapid and rugged a descent, that it was both fatiguing and dangerous. We however reached our huts of Villy in safety, where, after having rested an hour, and warmed our feet, we bade adieu to them, and at half past one pursued our course by the road which Mr. Pictet had indicated, but which is only interesting to those who are in pursuit of geological information. After climbing a mountain for above an hour, we reached some pointed rocks, over which we were obliged to pass, and to which there seemed no end. We every now and then met with little heaps of snow which were frightful enough to get over, as we were on the rocky declivity of the mountain. Happily we escaped every danger, and at length arrived at the *Lac Cornu*, which Mr. Pictet had

also mentioned as an object of curiosity. We were not a little surprised when we saw that the promised lake was nothing more than a small pond of fine clear water, but without a blade of grass or the least vestige of verdure near it; surrounded only by barren rocks, which bore every appearance of a rigorous climate. It was now four o'clock: we stopped to take some refreshment, which became necessary to recruit our exhausted strength and spirits, especially as we had got more than a four hours' walk to reach Chamouni, through a mistake of one of our guides; and, after another laborious ascent of an hour and a half, we descried the valley we were in search of. We at length reached our highest point. It was in a narrow pass upon the *Aiguilles Rouges*, which are huge pointed rocks, of most terrific aspect, and opposite the *Mer de Glace*. The *Mont Anvert* appeared to be at our feet, and the whole range of Glaciers before us. The setting sun gilded the summits covered with snow, and the Mont-Blanc, which appeared to surmount the whole. It is not possible to give any idea of this magnificent and awful scene. We had not much time, unfortunately, to contemplate the grand assemblage of beautiful and sublime objects which every where met our view. We had a long and frightful descent, which, according to our calculation,

would take two hours to accomplish; but in fact it required four, and for the last two we were obliged to walk alongside of a tremendous torrent almost in the dark: luckily the rising moon assisted us in getting through a thick wood, and, thanks to our guide Balmat, we overcame all our difficulties, without any accident; but for him, we should not have reached Chamouni that night. Devillaz, who had till then led the way, was obliged to yield his place to Balmat. At half past nine we arrived at the Hôtel d'Angleterre. We were less fatigued than might have been expected after fifteen hours of laborious walking. The chief inconvenience which we suffered was by the reflexion of the sun from the snow, which was powerful enough almost to scorch our faces, and to produce an irritation in them which spoiled our night's rest.

The next morning, the 24th, we found ourselves so very stiff, that we hesitated whether or not we should climb the mountains again. After breakfast, however, we thought it advisable to avail ourselves of the fine weather, and set off at twelve o'clock for the *Montanvert* with our guide Balmat and his nephew, having discharged our other guides who did not belong to this district. We were three hours in reaching the little pavilion

erected on this spot, and on which travellers have been accustomed to engrave their names. From this place we descended to the *Mer de Glace*, which has been already described in our former tour. On re-ascending to the platform on the mountain, our guide pointed out a large stone, whose flat surface and extent would admit of thirty persons sitting round it. It bears the appellation of *La pierre des Anglois*, from the circumstance of two Englishmen being the first travellers who ventured to explore these mountains, and who used this stone for a table. Chance has so placed it, that one might sit under it and be sheltered from the rain. It was in the year 1741 that these two Englishmen travelled hither, with arms and baggage. They pitched their tent near the village of Chamouni, and, not knowing the country, thought themselves among barbarians. They were not a little astonished when the village pastor approached to offer them accommodation in his house, which they thankfully accepted. He answered all their questions respecting the mountains, and procured them some of the neighbouring peasants to serve as guides, who were well acquainted with the mountains they wished to examine. It is since that time, that many of the peasants have taken the title of Guides of Chamouni, and

have followed the profession, as a very lucrative though laborious one. Is it not very remarkable, that strangers, from so great a distance by sea and land, should have been the first to explore these sublime scenes, while the inhabitants of the surrounding country never ventured to visit them, and even thought the undertaking little less than madness? Such was the superstition of the Genevans, that they thought these mountains enchanted, and called them "*Les Montagnes Maudites.*"* It was also an Englishman who some years after constructed the original hut formed of trees and branches for the accommodation of travellers. This is now abandoned for the more substantial and commodious pavilion mentioned before, and constructed by a Mr. Des Portes, from whence we descended by the path, called *La Filia,* to the source of the Arveiron, described in our former tour. We observed, however, one material change which had taken place: instead of one arched vault of ice, there were now two smaller ones, the appearance of which is much less imposing than that of the preceding year.

The foot of the *Mer de Glace* is called the *Glacier des Bois.*

We continued our walk by the side of the

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* See Mr. Bourrit's work on the Alps.

mountain, and reached our inn in time for the supper hour at the Table d'Hôte.

On the 25th we again sallied forth for another excursion, and after crossing some fields and meadows called *Les Ouches*, we arrived at the *Glacier des Bossons*, over which we passed. The ice there is somewhat different from that in the other *Glaciers* of this valley; it is in pyramids, and is more than usually slippery: notwithstanding this difficulty, however, ladies do occasionally venture over it. Our father and mother, with a party of friends, had visited the same spot fourteen years before us.

We saw a very curious and ingenious representation of all the surrounding mountains, cut out in wood and painted; it gave a very correct idea of the comparative height of each mountain, but not of their separate forms. At a naturalist's we purchased some crystals and stones, forming part of a collection which he makes a point of exhibiting to travellers.

On the 26th, we set out at eight o'clock, each on his mule; our companion being followed by his baggage, as he was not to return to the village. We passed before the *Glaciers des Bois, d'Argentière*, and *du Tour*. As they all resemble each other, we did not examine them in detail. Each furnishes water to the river *Arve*, by whose banks

we rode, and which decreased as we approached its source, till at length it was reduced to a little clear brook, losing the thick and white appearance it obtains from the melted snow.

We reached the summit of the *Col de Balme* at one o'clock. The prospect is wonderfully fine, though less extensive than we had been led to expect from the descriptions we had read of it. One can distinguish from hence the valley of Martigny as far as Sion, which is the capital of the republic of the Valais, whose limits next to France, but formerly to Savoy, are marked by a stone on this summit. On another side we discovered a well cultivated and picturesque valley, which terminates at the village of Trient, near Martigny, as does the passage from the *Col de Balme*, on the Valais side.

After resting for about two hours, we descended into the valley of *Valorsine*, at the extremity of which we found a *Châlet*, where we passed the night. It was far superior to that of *Villy*, being newly built, and with a floor upon which we could spread our straw without fear of wet.

By three in the morning we started again on our mules, with a third guide to carry our provisions. It was a bright moonlight, notwithstanding which, without our mules, we should never have been able to find our way over the rocks which we

were obliged to pass; nor could we comprehend how these poor animals were able to climb up some parts, which were more like broken steps than any thing else. We ascended by a track called *La Poya*, which runs by the side of a torrent known by the name of *Le Trient*. After journeying for two hours before daylight, we left our mules to the care of a shepherd on the *Col de Bérard*, which is about one-third of the way we had to go. The weather was uncommonly clear, not the least mist or vapor to obstruct the magnificent sight before us of the sun rising from behind the mountains: his appearance was most welcome to us, for, notwithstanding the protection of our cloaks, we suffered severely from cold.

At eight o'clock we reached for the second time the summit of the Buet. We were this time highly rewarded for our perseverance, for, since we had quitted Geneva, we had not been favored with so clear and serene a sky. We were able to distinguish the situation of Geneva, and a part of its lake, the Pays de Vaud, a small part of the lake of Anneci; in short, without the assistance of a good telescope we discerned five lakes and numerous vallies: the prospect from this spot is said to command a circumference of one hundred and sixty miles. We overlooked many of the neighbouring heights. The Col de Balme appeared at

our feet, while on the other hand the Mont-Blanc seemed to us higher and more beautiful than ever. It well deserves the appellation of the King of Mountains, nor is it possible to describe its majestic appearance. We discovered the *Aiguilles*, or pointed rocks that surround at different distances the Mont-Blanc. The St. Gothard was visible, though afar off; the St. Bernard was concealed from our view by the Col Ferret and other mountains. Le Mole, Salève, and the Voirons, all which appear of some magnitude from Geneva, seemed to us as little hillocks; and the Jura, which appears so formidable from its base, looked only like a long and low fence. At our feet were the luxuriant vallies of Samoin and Sixt, which terminate on the side of Bonneville. We remained here nearly two hours, admiring the extensive and varied scene, notwithstanding a sharp north-east wind, that almost froze our hands and feet. We then descended the mountain till we reached the little cave before mentioned, where we stopped long enough to warm ourselves in the sun, and record our journey by cutting our names in the stones.

From hence we slid down on the snowy precipice for the space of nearly twenty minutes, and halted by the side of a little brook formed by the melting of the snow from above. Here we sat down to breakfast, and then continued descending by the same way

we went up, till we reached the grass-plat where our mules were grazing. The dwelling place of the poor shepherd, who was charged with the care of them, is formed by an immense fragment of rock, which probably has been detached and hurled down from the *Mont Bérard*, in consequence of which it is called *La Pierre de Bérard.* It has fallen so as to cover over a cavity in this corner of the mountain, but leaving a small opening, through which a man may creep into the hole; and there this shepherd lives for the three summer months, going down every other day into the plain for food.

We remounted our mules, but shortly after, from the rapidity of the descent, we found it more prudent to trust to our own legs.

At three o'clock we arrived at the hut at Valorsine, where we separated from our companion, who took the road to the *Tête Noir*, on his way into Switzerland, where we poor captives were not allowed to follow him.

We returned to Chamouni, where we supped, in company with a motley society, composed of a German, a French naturalist, an apothecary of Geneva, and a French lady.

On the 25th we bade adieu to this beautiful valley, and set off on foot on our return to Geneva. We stopped at a village at the foot

of the Glaciers des Bossons to purchase some honey, which is noted for its flavor, arising from the variety of odoriferous herbs and flowers from which the bees extract it.

In the course of three hours' walk we got to Servoz, and in about the same length of time to St. Martin. From thence we went with a guide to see the environs of Salenche. Beyond this village is a mill called *De la Frasse*, from the name of an impetuous torrent, rushing from between two mountainous walls, and forming, after it has passed the mill, a stream, which is known by the appellation of *Rivière de Salenche*. The fine prospect we had to admire was from the top of the *Mont Roset*, which overlooks Salenche; it commands a view of the valley through which we had passed, and of the Mont-Blanc.

On the 29th of August, we left St. Martin in a carriage, which was waiting for us, and arrived the same evening at Geneva.

In September we received a satisfactory letter from Paris, assuring us that we should not be treated again as we were in June, even though our renewal of permission should not come to hand on the exact day; and that through the interest of Mr. Goulhot, chief of the fifth division of the War Department, who has since frequently proved himself very obliging to us, we might remain

quiet until fresh orders. This intelligence added much to our tranquillity at Geneva.

Another countryman of ours, Mr. G. A——, who had been spending some time in the south of France on account of his health, came to Geneva in the summer of 1804. His health, however, was declining so fast, that application was made for him to be allowed to return to England, in order that he might embrace his only child before his death, which was now inevitable. The answer given by the inhuman government was, that, if he was well enough to travel at all, he must be sent to Verdun. This was not communicated to him, for it arrived as he was on his death-bed. A medical man was actually sent by order of government, to ascertain whether he was able to undertake the journey to Verdun. In order that Mr. A—— should not be alarmed at this visit, he was told that it was for the purpose of seeing whether he was well enough to set off for England. His funeral (on the 15th of September, 1804) was of course attended by all his countrymen, including Mr. E. Clarke, who was recently arrived from Verdun with his lady on permission to reside at Geneva. The English burial service was read over the body, in the room of the inn at Secheron, near Geneva, where he resided, by the Rev. J. Le Cointe, who had for some years been attached to

one of the French Protestant churches in London, and was well versed in our language. When the service was over, Mrs. A——, who had been kneeling by the corpse, was persuaded to retire; but she had not been out of the room five minutes before she rushed in again, and in a state of despair threw herself upon the coffin, pronouncing these words, "Oh! once more!" Deep and sincere affliction gave a powerful expression to the young and interesting features of this widowed sufferer; our tears flowed with her's, and it is impossible even now to recollect her sorrow without an aching heart. It was requisite to force her from this situation, and to command this cruel but necessary separation. The body was placed in a coach, there being no hearses in that country, and was attended by the English to the burying ground at Sacconex, a village about three miles from Geneva. Mrs. A——'s most ardent wish now was to return to England and to her child; but no application for a passport, however well recommended, obtained a satisfactory answer from that government, so anxious to distress every individual belonging to its powerful enemy. After ten weeks of misery, however, this lady, with the consent of the majority of her countrymen, set off without any passport, and arrived safely in England.

The beginning of the year 1805 was ushered

in with the agreeable intelligence, that a Captain Puget was appointed for the negotiation of an exchange of prisoners. In March following it seemed still further off, and finished by producing nothing.

The 1st of March, 1805, being the day on which one of us completed his twenty-first year, was celebrated by some of our friends in a style of cordial festivity, which could not fail to be most gratifying to our feelings.

Nothing particularly remarkable happened this summer, until the accustomed renewal (20th September, 1805) of our permission to remain at Geneva until the 1re Nivose, An. 14 (22d December, 1805), which nearly ensured our spending a quiet winter. But this good fortune was to be shortly overturned; and we were condemned to go and seek for the Marias that Sterne had left behind to console us in our new banishment. The Austrian campaign was at the eve of beginning; and whether the French government thought we were too near the frontiers of Switzerland, or that General Rheinwald, owing us a grudge, had (as we were informed) said an ill-natured word against us, we know not the true cause, but we all received (2d October, 1805) the order to set off in twenty-four hours for Moulins, Department de l'Allier. Lord Beverley, the Hon. A. Percy,

Mr. Clarke, Mr. Wickham, and ourselves, were the ill-fated number. A Mr. Duppa, who had bought a small landed property, was allowed to remain. No time was to be lost in setting off, as we were confined to four-and-twenty hours for our preparation. Our trunks were accordingly packed up, and we took leave of our Genevan friends, and drove off (3d October, 1805) with heavy hearts. Indeed, so great was the probability of not returning to Geneva, but of remaining at Moulins till the end of the war, that our prospect was truly dismal, and well calculated to enhance the value of the very amicable reception which we had met with from above fifty different families at Geneva. The weather was fine on the day of our departure, but the adjacent country seemed less beautiful than usual; thus it is, that every surrounding object assumes the complexion of our own tempers and feelings.

We slept the first night at a friend's house about ten miles from Geneva, and took post horses the next morning to continue our journey to Lyons without stopping. We passed Lord Beverley and his son on the road, who were travelling with their own horses, and were as little pleased to leave Geneva as ourselves.

We arrived at Lyons early in the following day (5th October, 1805): the town looks very

handsome from the road by which we approached it. A line of very high stone houses forms a fine front parallel with the Rhone, and is open to the traveller's view about two miles before you reach the suburbs. The entrance on the Paris side is bad, but not altogether ugly, passing between the river Saone and the foot of a high and perpendicular rocky hill. The week we spent there was employed in visiting our commercial connections. The trade of this manufacturing town was very low, and has since become much more so in consequence of the rupture between France and Russia, of the difficulty of communication with America, and, latterly, on account of the affairs of Spain, where many houses have lost money. This last impolitic measure has cost Bonaparte the popularity which he enjoyed at Lyons, for it has been the ruin of many of their silk manufactories. This unfortunate town still bears many marks of the revolution, and particularly of the siege which its loyal inhabitants sustained against their jacobinical countrymen and enemies. The handsome *Place de Belcour*, which was destroyed by the cannon placed upon the adjacent height, is still a heap of stones; and although Bonaparte laid the first stone for rebuilding it, there are but two houses yet erected. The fine hospital bears on its front many marks of cannon shot; and other

buildings, destroyed by red-hot balls, either testify by their ruins what they were, or no trace of them is to be found. We made acquaintance with two or three of our countrymen who were in the same situation as ourselves; Sir Thomas Webb and his lady, Mr. Pink, and Mr. Banks; they had all been there some time, and were not likely to be removed. We received great civilities during our stay, but the little we saw of society appeared to us monotonous and dull.

We arrived at Moulins on the 11th of October, 1805, and the very same evening we had the pleasure of meeting a friend of ours, who, knowing that we were ordered to Moulins, took it in his way from Paris to Lyons. He had not been long returned from England, and gave us very satisfactory news about our family, with whom he had been acquainted: this kind visit of his made us spend our first day less disagreeably than was likely to have been the case.

One of our first inquiries from our countrymen who had preceded us, was to know how they had been received by the authorities. Lord Beverley told us, that the Prefect, La Coste, had expressed the intention of making us sign our names every day: this surprised his Lordship very much, and he could not forbear saying so; on which General Lefebvre, who was present, added, "Ces Messieurs

sont sur parole," and the business was thereupon concluded, with the obligation however of our going once for all and signing our names at the Police Office. This manner of acting on the part of the civil and military authorities appeared to be a sort of game arranged beforehand, in order to hear what would be said by the English, or else the Prefect was afraid, in the presence of the General, to grant us too much liberty : such is the fear and jealousy with which, throughout France, the men in place regard each other.

A few letters of recommendation to some persons in this town, either in the commercial line or otherwise, enabled us to make a few acquaintances, whose society was not very enviable, nor did we trouble them much.

The Prefect, Mr. La Coste, formerly the Marquis of that name, had, in the revolution, embraced the opinions and joined the party of the Marquis de la Fayette, and had therefore none of those crimes laid to his charge, for which so many others had been infamous. His conduct had been guided by those false principles of liberty which at that time entered into almost every Frenchman's head under some form or other. His religious belief amounted to little or nothing; and his conduct during divine service, which we have observed when curiosity led us into the Roman Catholic

churches, proved what was said of him: besides, he has more than once told us that he preferred our religion to his, as being more simple and natural. He was, nevertheless, too well acquainted with the world not to appreciate in others those principles which he did not himself think fit to profess; and the following proof of this came to our knowledge. It may be recollected that, soon after Bonaparte's accession to power, a new *concordât* with the Pope was drawn up, to be subscribed by the clergy of France. The innovations which this act contained seemed to be such as they could not conscientiously admit; and many, at the risk of losing their benefices, refused their signature. Of this number was the worthy curate of an obscure parish in the department de la Vendée; a man revered by his parishioners, but obnoxious to government from his obstinacy. He would not bow his head to the yoke, and therefore was torn from his flock, and sent into exile at Moulins. The journey he performed mostly on foot, having at night no better accommodation than his own scanty means could afford, and resisting the continual attempts of persons in office who were ordered to persuade him to the abandonment of his principles. At last he reached Moulins in a very weak state of health, and the Prefect, in his turn, made use of every plausible

argument in his power to convert him; but he, with great mildness, answered in the following few words: "Je vous prie, Monsieur de ne plus me tourmenter, je puis être dans l'erreur; mais j'aime mieux errer avec dixhuit Siécles qu'avec dixhuit mois." The Prefect was so struck with the fortitude of l'Abbé ———, that he applied to the minister and obtained a small pension for him, which he enjoyed until his death, which happened in less than a twelvemonth.

Mr. La Coste had availed himself of the new reign of liberty by divorcing his wife, a lady of family and personal respectability, and marrying immediately Miss Baletti, an eminent singer and actress, by whom he had a large family, which resided with him at Moulins. At first he received the English with civility, and seemed to enjoy the company of Lord Beverley as if he imagined himself to be again in the society of that nobility of which he had once formed a part. The frequency of his visits to Lord Beverley, must, we suppose, have been disapproved of by government, as they ceased all on a sudden, and were succeeded by a sort of civil but guarded conduct. The present Mrs. La Coste was a charming singer, and we spent many agreeable musical evenings at her house during the winter of 1805.

The Mayor of the town, Mr. Des Roys, a man

of a noble family, and whose conduct during the revolution had been irreproachable, was very polite the whole time of our stay at Moulins.

Several interesting occurrences happened this month (November 1805); one was the arrival at Moulins of several hundred Austrian prisoners; another, the news of the reduction of Ulm, and capitulation of the Austrian garrison under General Mack; but one, more congenial to our feelings, was communicated by an anonymous letter to us from one of our friends at Geneva, namely, the complete victory of Lord Nelson over the combined French and Spanish fleets, off Trafalgar, on the twenty-first of October. The French papers were a long time without owning this action; and when the general circulation of the report compelled them to notice it, they attributed to a tempest arising during the action their failing to obtain a complete victory. This could only deceive some ignorant French, who believe every thing which is in the Moniteur, because they can get no better information. The exultation upon the death of Lord Nelson was beyond every thing, being considered by them as a victory of itself; but they said nothing of half a dozen French or Spanish Admirals killed or taken prisoners, and of the remaining disasters.

Our countryman, Mr. Wickham, had fixed

himself with us since our arrival at Moulins; but, unluckily for us, he obtained permission, through the intercession of a General's lady, to return to Geneva. He was very well informed, and his society was very agreeable; his talents, moreover, in the medical line, might have been very useful to some of his countrymen, as there was no good physician in the place. For many reasons, therefore, we saw him set off (28th November, 1805) for Geneva with regret. A few months afterwards, during the short administration of Mr. Fox, he was fortunate enough to obtain his release, through the medium of Dr. Jenner, celebrated for the discovery of vaccine inoculation, who made an application to Bonaparte for him and a Mr. Williams. He paid us a visit on his road from Geneva to Morlaix, where he was to embark; and it was with a feeling almost approaching to envy that we took leave of him upon this occasion.

Our Moulins party still remained the same in point of number, for Mr. Wickham was replaced by the Earl of Elgin. This nobleman had been for some time Ambassador at Constantinople, and was returning home, after his mission, through Italy and France, ignorant of the war. He was, notwithstanding his public character, arrested as we had been. From Paris, Lord Elgin was al-

lowed to go to Barreges, where he was shortly after greeted with an order to go into close confinement in the Chateau du Loude, in the Pyrenees. When his Lordship went there, the apartment they gave him was destitute of every convenience; it was even without a window, or at least nothing but the frame remained; in short, it was a place which would not have been too good for a criminal; and the only crime was that of his Lordship being the most marked individual among the English prisoners, so he was chosen to bear the revenge of the French government, called by that government a just act of retaliation; and for what? because General Boyer, a French prisoner in England, who had made use of very improper language, considering the liberty he was allowed to enjoy, had been removed from one town to another, in order that he might be more particularly looked after. This conduct of the English government, for a real offence, was retaliated on the part of the French government by confining an innocent individual for about six weeks in a ruined fortress. Lord Elgin had afterwards been at Paris again, then at Melun, and joined us at Moulins about a month after our arrival. He was a man of much information, and very communicative; he had travelled and resided in Germany, and his duties as Ambassador to

the Sublime Porte had not prevented his travelling in many parts of Turkey in Europe. He filled this situation at the time the French were vanquished in Egypt by our army, under the gallant General Sir Ralph Abercrombie, and, after his death, under General Hutchinson. The preponderance that those victories gave our ambassador at Constantinople was very favorable to the plan his Lordship carried shortly afterwards into execution, of making a tour in Greece. Firmans and recommendations to the Bashaws, Beys, or Vaivodes, rendered this tour as agreeable as any sort of travelling can be in Turkey. The result of his visit to Athens is to be seen in London, in his collection of marbles brought from that once famous city.

The winter passed smoothly on, with too little variety in the occurrences to make it at all remarkable. Our English society was our constant resort, and we hardly made half a dozen acquaintances for many months among the inhabitants of the town. The Prefect and Mayor were the only persons who shewed us any attention; this, it seems, may be attributed to the following reasons: first, a report had preceded our arrival that we did not wish to see any society, consequently the inhabitants did not seek our acquaintance; secondly, the custom there, as in many French towns, was for the last comers to make their round

of visits, merely by leaving cards at the house of every family or individual of the société, which is understood to consist of the most respectable persons, who are in the habits of meeting at one another's houses. Now we did not think proper any of us to pay such visits without introductions, and perhaps some feeling of national pride prevented our making the first advances. Thirdly, it is possible, though this is merely supposition, that the inhabitants were fearful of being polite to us, lest they should be disapproved by the government; and as they still retained the remembrance of the revolution, they were little disposed to irritate their new and unsettled rulers. It would not be surprising, therefore, if prudence alone had directed their conduct in this instance.

This unfortunate town had particularly suffered during the reign of terror, in the persons of thirty of the most respectable individuals, who were sent to Lyons to be guillotined, their property seized, and their families ruined. Numbers of persons, of both sexes, had been kept a long time in close confinement, which brought many to the grave; and it was the death alone of the monster Robespierre that saved the lives of many more who were threatened with an untimely fate. Most of the remaining good families had suffered at least in their property, and it was natural enough that

they should not wish to run any more risks. Our connections with the inhabitants remained upon this footing, or nearly so, all the time of our stay there, except with a few individuals, with whom, as young men, we by degrees became acquainted. Among these, were two or three who were musical, and they arranged a few concerts, composed chiefly of amateurs, for the winter. These, with an indifferent theatre and actors, and some inferior subscription balls, were all the public amusements which we had to enjoy. Our winter-morning walks (which were more regular than a monotonous straight road, without the motive of health before us, could have made them) were rendered rather more interesting, for a month or two, by the company of an Austrian sergeant of the Tyrolese jagers, with whom we talked German, by way of improvement to ourselves, and in order that he might deserve, by being somewhat useful, the pecuniary assistance we afforded him. He was one of twelve hundred prisoners confined a long time at Moulins. The situation of these Austrians, however, was far better than that of several hundred Russian prisoners, who passed through the town in the beginning of 1806, on their way to a depôt at some distance. The sight of these poor fellows was truly heart-rending; most of them had marched

some hundred leagues through Russia before they came to the seat of action in Moravia and Germany; their provisions, when they reached it, were but scanty; the day of battle arrived, and those who were made prisoners were marched to the further limits of France, towards the Atlantic Ocean. Such constant fatigue, during a march of about fifteen hundred leagues, must wear out the hardiest constitution; and such were its effects, that they were unable to swallow dry bread, with which some were plentifully supplied. Of a column of three thousand of these unhappy men, destined for our part of France, not above three or four hundred went through the town; most of the others had perished on the road from cold, hunger, or fatigue; about three hundred were suffocated one night, in a church, from the straw which they had to lie upon having been set on fire by the tobacco which some of them were smoking. We saw many upon the road who could no longer stir; and of those who did reach Moulins, about forty or fifty died there. Our purses, and those of our countrymen, were, of course, open to such suffering beings; but what material assistance can four or five persons give to some hundreds of individuals who are in want of every thing? Be it said to the credit of a mid-

dling class of individuals, the shopkeepers at Moulins, that they were not backward in giving these poor sufferers many of those necessary articles which were to be found in their shops. The most effectual relief was afforded them by a restorative mess prepared by the orders of Lord Beverley, whose house was in a street through which these men had to pass. It consisted of rice, wine, and spices, boiled together. These Russians went into the court-yard of his Lordship's house, ten or twenty at a time, to have each a small portion of this cordial, which operated like a charm: after they had swallowed it, their appetite began to return; those who had bread, ate it with the voracity of wild beasts; and others, who before could hardly crawl, seemed strengthened, and walked on better. Their gratitude was beyond description: some fell down on their knees, others tried to kiss our hands, others our feet; in short, the whole was a most affecting scene, and highly fit to make the feeling heart bewail the horrors of war. What we saw, was only the repetition of what was seen at the same time with regard to other columns of prisoners in other parts of France.

No twelvemonth of this contest has perhaps been more fertile in important events than the

one beginning with the month of October, 1805 *; among them are the surrender of Ulm, and of the Austrian army, under General Mack, and the whole of that campaign, which ended in the battle of Austerlitz; the battle of Trafalgar, the last and decisive blow to our enemy's navy; with the death of Lord Nelson, and subsequent death of the French and Spanish Admirals, Villeneuve and Gravina; the death of Marquis Cornwallis, Governor of India; the death of that great statesman, Mr. Pitt, which we heard of at Moulins (the 6th of February, 1806) with great regret, and the more so, as our whole party were advocates for his administration. After this loss, a new administration being formed under Mr. Fox, we waited with impatience the result of his peaceable politics, doubting little that Bonaparte would endeavor to bring about a negotiation. The news we received almost from every quarter served to strengthen our supposition, that at least something would be done in favor of the English detained in France, and the French papers even gave us every hope of an ensuing exchange. Some Englishmen obtained their liberation through the interest of Mr. Fox. Lord Elgin

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* Those which have closed the year 1812 may be, however, excepted.

left us for Paris (26th April, 1806); and shortly after set off for England, with Colonel Abercrombie and Lord Yarmouth, who was charged with dispatches from the French government. The French Generals Boyer and Rochambeau, with Admiral Villeneuve, were already arrived in France, and a cartel with one hundred and fifty prisoners soon followed them; but very different was the conduct of the French government, who extended the favor of liberty to a very small number. The probability of a general exchange seemed to diminish in the month of May; indeed, Lord Elgin gave us to understand, by letters from Paris, that it was not likely to take place. He certainly saw things in the true light; perhaps he had been able to gain some information through General Sebastiani, with whom he was intimate, from their having been at the same time ambassadors at Constantinople; and we have been told by his Lordship, upon our return to England in 1811, that he had opened the eyes of ministers upon many subjects relative to the true dispositions of the French ruler with regard to peace with this country, or an exchange of prisoners; and that he had been able to mention circumstances to them with which they were before quite unacquainted.

During these negotiations, Lady Beverley re-

ceived for herself and her daughters Ladies Susan and Emily Percy the passports which had been applied for, to enable them to return to England: the port of Morlaix was assigned to them for their embarkation, and they left Moulins a short time afterwards (11th June, 1806) to the sincere regret of those who had so constantly enjoyed their amiable society.

The return of Lord Yarmouth to Paris, with answers to the dispatches he had conveyed, occupied our principal attention, though we began now to be less sanguine in our hopes of success. Considering, however, that the disposition of the French Government might be better towards the detained English than it had hitherto been, we determined upon making a trial for our release, and for that purpose drew up a petition, which was addressed to the Emperor Napoleon, stating, that our object in travelling in France was to finish our education; that our pursuit was totally distinct from any thing military; and begging the favor of being permitted to return to England: it was recommended by the civil and military authorities of Moulins, and was to be laid before the Emperor by Mr. Perrégaux, a senator and banker of Paris; but we heard no more of it. Indeed, our hopes of its success had never been very sanguine. They were, even at this moment, not

powerful enough to detain us on the spot, from two short excursions into the country, to the distance of about thirty miles from Moulins, on the road to Clermont. A gentleman who had been employed in communicating with this country during the time of the civil war in the Vendée, and with whom we had lately made acquaintance, received us at his estate at Lamothe, which had been pillaged in the revolution, and indeed the house, which had been completely ransacked, was still much in want of repairs. After having spent a few pleasant days there with M. Percy, we returned to Moulins by way of Vichy, a place which derives its celebrity from its mineral waters, which are very beneficial in bilious cases. In the season this small town is resorted to by persons even from Paris. The country about it is much less flat than near Moulins, and probably furnishes some tolerably good rides and walks. In July and August we went to Lamothe again, and were received by the family in the same hospitable manner as before. In July we met them at Gannat, a small town not far from their house. The rendezvous was appointed there, in order that we might be present at the Fête de Saint Procule, which is celebrated by a sort of fair in the morning, and a play and ball in the evening. They were, to be sure, all of an inferior sort, but we were become less difficult

in point of amusement since we had been at Moulins. A number of persons from several leagues round came to enjoy the pleasure of this bustle. The dancing was, of course, indifferent; the enjoyment of this exercise, however, is seldom very exactly proportioned to the excellence of the performer. The following dances were the order of the day, or rather of the night: Cotillons, or French country dances; Walzes, which had been introduced since the return of the French from emigration in Germany; and the Bourrée d'Auvergne, a dance peculiar to that part of the country.

About this time we lost our Prefect, Mr. La Coste, after a short illness. A singular circumstance happened with regard to him, which calls to mind one of those great truths attached to our perishable nature, that we are inclined to think little of, from their frequent occurrence; namely, the uncertainty of the number of years, or days, or even hours, that we have to remain on earth. The fourth regiment of dragoons, about three or four hundred men strong, came to Moulins as their dépôt. The Prefect observed one day, whilst the regiment was on parade, what an addition it was to any public ceremony to have a military corps of this kind in the procession. It was but a few weeks after this observation that he was carried off, and the very first public ceremony

to which these troops were called, was his funeral (4th July, 1806).

Mr. La Coste was succeeded in his situation as Prefect by a man as different to him as it was possible. Instead of a calm and placid demeanour, combined with considerable penetration and great subtlety, we had now an impetuous, daring spirit; a man who observed no principles of decorum, whose conduct appeared to be, in many instances, that of a madman. His name was Guillemardet; he had been a physician (probably a bad one) in some small town of Burgundy, from whence the voice of liberty and equality had called him. He was not among the number of those who had stained themselves with blood, although he had been a revolutionist and a jacobin. It is a remarkable but almost general fact, that those royalists who have accepted places under Bonaparte act with timidity, whilst the jacobins still keep up that bold and independent way of acting which they assumed during their reign. Bonaparte found it, nevertheless, necessary to employ them and give them titles, in order to break their unanimity, by attaching a great number of them to his fortunes.* This Prefect happened to take a fancy to Mr.

* This remark may, in its full extent, be applied, for example, to Bernadotte, the new Crown Prince of Sweden.

Percy and ourselves ; and not fearing, as did his predecessor, to shew it, we were invited to every musical, dancing, or other party that took place at the Prefecture. His wife, and daughter of about seventeen years of age, were both charming women, and infinitely superior to him in manners. The extravagancies of this gentleman are scarcely to be accounted for but on the supposition of his being, to a certain degree, deranged, of which we saw many proofs in the frequent neglect of his official duties, and the levity with which he pursued his amusements. One day that he came to pay us a visit, he mentioned many circumstances relative to his employment during the revolution. He said that he had begun to learn English, as he was to have been sent over to this country as envoy from the republic, but Chauvelin was sent in his stead. He then applied himself to the Spanish language, and, having received his instructions from Talleyrand, now Prince of Benevento, set of as ambassador to the court of Madrid, with the full intention of revolutionizing the country. His conversation with him had been entirely to that effect ; and no doubt when Talleyrand came over, about the same time to this country with Chauvelin, his views were much of the same kind. It may be recollected that he was even sent out of this country, and went to America ; but he never

forgot this seeming outrage on the part of the English Government, and has been our inveterate enemy ever since. But to return to our Prefect's conversation: his conduct, during his stay at Madrid, was, by his own account, that of an ignorant madman; but he seemed to value himself on this freedom of speech and action: for instance, being one day at the King of Spain's levee, he made a remark to his Majesty upon the fineness of the cloth of his coat; whereupon the King ordered a piece of the same cloth to be sent to the ambassador's, who was much surprised at finding this present upon his return. Mr. Guillemardet had likewise, according to his own account, a very excellent plan of making money, and most worthy of an ambassador. He used to have a great quantity of caps, bonnets, and other millinery, of the newest Parisian fashion, sent to him, which he retailed among the ladies of Madrid, to the great improvement of his finances. These were the topics of his extraordinary conversation to an English prisoner, which lasted for about an hour and a half, during which time he was stirring the fire with his stick, and was only interrupted by a word of approbation from us, in order to urge him on, and see how far the first civil Magistrate of the department de l'Allier could commit himself, or at least give us plausible reason for despising

him. We had, however, every reason to be satisfied with his conduct towards us, as long as we remained at Moulins. Not very long after we left that place, he was removed in consequence of his misconduct, and has not since been employed, to our knowledge.*

Our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, had obtained permission to return to Geneva, and left us (7th Oct. 1806) a *partie quarrée*, Lord Beverley, Mr. Percy, and ourselves.

The hopes of an exchange, or of peace, had now entirely vanished; we had been acquainted with Mr. Fox's death about a fortnight since; and Lord Lauderdale, who had been for some time at Paris following up the negotiation begun by Lord Yarmouth, was just set off on his return to England (October, 1806).

Two or three excursions to Lamothe and to Precord, near La Palisse, had made us a little acquainted with the surrounding country, which is flat, and generally, though not highly, cultivated. This is not at all surprising; for not only is there no encouragement held out to agriculture, but very frequently the produce of common industry

* We have been informed, since our return to England, that he died in a mad-house.

cannot find a market. The crop of corn of 1805 had been enough for two years, and that of 1806, which was likewise a good one, was a complete cause of distress to the farmers: they were hardly able to raise money to pay their taxes, while their barns were overstocked with wheat, and their cellars filled with wine. Another impediment to an improving state of agriculture was the bad condition of the cross roads, which are so highly necessary for proper communications with the interior; but Government had not the same reasons for mending these, as for mending the high roads, the latter being absolutely wanted for military communication, and landholders had certainly no encouragement to expend a farthing upon the other. The farmers were, besides, deprived of the most useful hands, namely, the healthiest young men, who, being taken for the conscription, could no longer assist in the support of their families; and in France none but old men, women, and boys, are to be seen cultivating the earth. A gentleman, having a fine estate in Burgundy, mentioned to us, that if, instead of sending his wine to Paris to be sold there, he had emptied his casks into the river, he should have been less out of pocket. In many places even they would not be at the expence of gathering the grape, but left it on the vine, for the use of all those who chose to help themselves.

In the department de l'Allier there are a great many ponds, which, being well stocked with fish, are a great source of revenue. These ponds are drained every three years; the whole of the fish are stopped in a reservoir, or are caught in the mud: the large ones are taken for sale, and the smaller are put into an adjoining pond, which is kept stocked with fry until the mud has been taken out to serve as manure and the water returned, and then it is again stocked with small fish. These ponds, from being large and numerous, occasion, at times, much dampness in the air, which has sometimes been followed by putrid disorders. This was not formerly the case, on account of the immense woods which were in the neighbourhood, and absorbed a great portion of the damp; but these woods, like every thing else, having suffered in the revolution, and perhaps half of them having been destroyed, the unwholesome moisture arising in summer from those ponds mixed with the atmosphere, and occasioned these epidemical diseases. There was a slight one during the time we were at Moulins.

On our return from one of these fishing parties, in November 1806, we stopped at Saint Gerand to dine at Madame de St. Gerand's, who, with her daughter, had been of the number. This lady and her family had suffered very much during the re-

volution; her husband having been sent to Lyons, and guillotined ; herself thrown into prison, and deprived of the greatest part of her property. In the course of conversation, while we were talking of the horrors of that period, Madame de St. Gerand told us that there was, in the books of the municipality of the village we were in, an everlasting proof of the learning of the rulers of that time; namely a decree to this effect: "*Qu'en conséquence de la cherté, et du peu de consommation de la viande, il est ordonné que chaque boucher ne tuera qu'un demi Bœuf par semaine.*"

The town of Moulins is as flat as its environs, having no mountains nearer to it than those of Auvergne. It is pretty well built, but has not one handsome edifice. The prison is in a part of an old ruined palace of the Bourbons, from whom the province took its name of *Le Bourbonnais.* The Lycée, or military school, is in a convent, formerly called "*De Notre Dame des Visitations,*" which was abolished by the republicans, as were all similar establishments. The lands and buildings then became national property, and have since been affected by Government to their present use. One of the particularly pious ladies who lived there was the founder of *l'Ordre de la Visitation,* and greatly benefited the convent. This was Madame la Baronne de Chantal, whose picture

is still in the chapel; she was grandmother to Madame de Sevigné, who mentions her in a letter written from Moulins the 17th May, 1676, and addressed to Madame de Grignan. In this chapel is a very beautiful marble mausoleum, erected by Marie Felice des Ursins, widow of Henry, Duke of Montmorency, to the memory of her husband, who was beheaded at Toulouse the 30th of October, 1632, pursuant to his sentence pronounced by the parliament. This monument would have been destroyed during the revolution, had it not been for the presence of mind of one of those who were on the spot when it was on the point of being demolished, and who observed that it was in commemoration of a person who had resisted the regal power, therefore it ought to be preserved rather than destroyed. This simple reflection was the cause of its existence to this day. It is very remarkable how easily the minds of a deluded and irritated populace may be led by any one who has courage and presence of mind enough to hazard some new idea capable of striking the fancy of such an ignorant multitude. There were, no doubt, more instances of this than are known. In addition to that related above, the following appears to be worth recording: The Abbé (now Cardinal) Maury was caught in the streets of Paris by a mob, which was committing its usual out-

rage. He was on the point of having a rope tied round his neck, and of being hoisted up to a lamp iron. In this perilous situation he said to the rabble, "*Et quand vous m'y aurez pendu, y verrez vous plus clair ?*" This speech so delighted the multitude, that they unanimously agreed to let the Abbé take to his heels, in the performance of which he proved himself very active; for he never stopped till he reached Rome, where he was very well received by Pope Pius VI., who, in 1792, nominated him Archbishop of Nicée, and, in 1794, Bishop of Montefiascome and Cardinal. He, apparently, continued in the same sentiments he had professed, of attachment to the Bourbons and to their government, until the elevation of Bonaparte to the dignity of emperor. At that period the Cardinal, conceiving Bonaparte's power to be fully established, and that by some act of submission, or rather of servility, his own ambition might be gratified, published to all France, through the medium of the official newspaper, that his opinions were unaltered; that he was still attached to a monarchical form of government, in whomsoever it might be vested. This declaration was too plain for Bonaparte not to see what a tool he might make of this man for his future purposes. His name was erased from the list of emigrants, he was restored to his native country, and received

at the new court, but not without some loss of reputation from this base conduct. The overthrow of the Pope's temporal power occurred in 1809, and Pius the 7th, unwilling to submit, was prevented from discharging his spiritual duties by imprisonment at Savona. Under these circumstances the situation of Archbishop of Paris became vacant by the death of Cardinal du Belloy. How was this place to be filled? Would Bonaparte take this first step towards spiritual power by naming a successor? And would the person he chose to name accept the office without being ordained by the Pope? These were subjects of general consideration at the time (1810). The situation was offered to the uncle of Bonaparte, Cardinal Faesch, Archbishop of Lyons. whose private character was far from immaculate; but his conscience made him reject the proffered dignity, which was conferred on Maury, who was at hand to serve the purposes of the sovereign. So much for his religious principles, and for his gratitude to the court of Rome.

The river Allier, which throws itself into the Loire between Nevers and Montargis, runs alongside the town of Moulins: it has, like the Loire, a wide and sandy bed, in which the current is continually changing, except after a heavy fall of rain, or the melting of snow; then it fills up the

whole of its bed, and rushes on like a torrent. This circumstance has made necessary the construction of a long bridge to cross over the greatest width; and on each side of the river, for many miles, is a bank, to protect the country against inundations. The bridge, though plain, has a handsome appearance; it consists of thirteen arches, and is perfectly straight.

Moulins is noted for its manufactories of knives and scissars; but we never saw any thing which came from them highly finished. They told us that for the fine work they were much in want of steel, which could only be obtained from England. No traveller who visits Moulins can well forget its manufacture; for immediately upon arriving at the post house, or any inn, you are assailed by a dozen women, all impatient to dispose of some of this merchandize, and as difficult to get rid of as the beggars of Abbeville. From its centrical situation, Moulins is a great thoroughfare for travellers or merchandise, going from one end of France to the other. Half a dozen roads meet there, and the consumption of the necessaries of life is threefold what would suffice for its own inhabitants. It is not, otherwise, a place of any commercial importance; and hence arises, most probably, the idleness of the young men of the best families, who do not chuse to become the slaves of government, no other source of employ-

ment being left them. Besides, their education had been much neglected, or indeed many had not received any education during several years of the revolution. There were, even in the year 1810, very few good schools in France, from the information we could collect; for the *Lycées*, *Ecole Polytechnique*, and others of equally pompous appellations, are mere military establishments, and the boys are not compelled to learn any thing but what is connected with the art of war. A well disposed youth has, certainly, an opportunity of gaining various knowledge in these schools as well as in any other, but the far greater number will be idle when not obliged to be otherwise. No corporeal punishment is allowed: a master cannot strike a scholar; he can only put him in confinement, or reduce his meals to bread and water; but it does not seem that the masters give themselves much more trouble to teach than the youths to learn, and this we heard from a scholar of the Lycée at Moulins. A boy may, therefore, come out as great a dunce as he went in, except in what regards marching or the manual exercise, and then he is sent to one of the higher military schools of Fontainebleau, St. Cyr, or St. Germain, and from thence passes, in the course of a year or two, to the rank of under-lieutenant in some infantry or cavalry regiment.

We were agreeably surprised one morning, early, by the visit of an acquaintance, who came and awakened us in our beds. We had been talking of him a few days before, and supposed him to be in the West Indies, whither we knew he was gone. He, however, had returned from the tropic, and had been paying a visit to his relatives at Grenoble. He was on his way back to England, and would not go through Moulins without seeing us: this kindness was the more interesting to us, as the difficulties of correspondence were increasing.

Shortly after, the Berlin decree, of the twenty-first November 1806, which has been the cause of so much debate between the two countries, appeared in the Paris papers. This new act of severity was the cause of our being, during the course of the winter, much longer without news from our family than we had ever been before, and the appearance of political affairs did not forebode any happy change in our condition.

We got through this winter very tolerably, considering all things; and, having no English female society among us, we thought we might, with less inconvenience, mix with that which the town afforded. Even Lord Beverley went out more, and received at his house several ladies who were all of excellent families, but many of them in narrow

circumstances. The Prefect continued his civilities to us during this season; we attended, as before, the subscription balls and masked balls, at the theatre, during the Carnival, which were too insignificant to be described. We had likewise a few tolerable amateur concerts, which were conducted by an able professor on the violin, a gentleman whose fortunes had been ruined by the revolution. Among our acquaintance at Moulins, we must not forget to mention Mr. Jaladon, Reçeveur Général, who had been formerly a *simple Curé*, and was in his new situation exhibiting himself as a decided *Parvenu*. He very often invited us to dine with him, which made a change, though sometimes a very tiresome one.

There began, however, to be some ray of hope of our being delivered from this way of living, so little conducive to any sort of improvement, and of quitting this town, which had really nothing to recommend it but the interest that half a dozen persons took in our situation. Our friends at Paris advised us to apply for permission to return to Geneva, thinking the present moment (February 1807) favorable for obtaining our request. We should have much wished to get to Paris, but we were dissuaded from asking it. We therefore merely addressed our papers to General Dufour, at Bourges, Commander of the

Military Division in which we were, and to whom we had been previously particularly recommended, requesting he would support our petition, which he obligingly did, and returned us a favorable answer in about three weeks. Many persons were so kind as to express their regret at our leaving the place, and the night before our departure we were greeted with a poetical farewel by an anonymous friend. The authorities also received our farewel with seeming regret, for we certainly had given them as little trouble as possible. The Mayor informed us, at our last visit, of a circumstance which, through the kindness of the authorities, had been quite kept from us. Some malicious person, wishing, no doubt, to ingratiate himself with the Government, had written to Paris, to denounce us as having assisted the Mayor's lady in sending over letters to her brother, L'Evêque de Lisieux, who was an emigrant residing in England, and that these letters contained information against the interests of the French Government. As soon as this communication was received by the Ministers, they immediately wrote to the Prefect and to the Commissary of Police, to inquire into the truth of this statement, both with respect to us and to the Mayor's lady, who would certainly have been in an awkward predicament if it had been true; and

as for us, we should have had nothing better to look forward to than close confinement in some fortress. The authorities were much surprised at being commissioned to make such an inquiry, and were still more so at finding that no part of it was verified: being of opinion, therefore, that it originated in the evil designs of some one who wished to injure us, or benefit himself, the Prefect, the Commissary of Police, and Military Commander, wrote to their respective Ministers to that effect, and even added some strong circumstances in our favor, which were most likely not without some weight when we applied for a permission to quit the place.

We could not, of course, feel much regret at quitting Moulins, except with regard to Lord Beverley and Mr. Percy, whom we were truly sorry to leave, on every account, and especially because, after our departure, they would be entirely destitute of English society. The passport was brought to us by a Captain of the 4th regiment of Dragoons, who was then the highest officer there, and we began our preparations for our journey.

On the 2d April 1807 we left Moulins, and arrived the following day at Lyons, where we made a stay of a few days to see our friends; and set off on the 9th for Grenoble, which place we reached

the same evening. We had three objects in view in going round this way to Geneva. One was, to see the country, as we had already been twice over the shortest road; another was, to visit some commercial connections; our third motive was, to see the General commanding the Military Division in which Geneva is included.

The road, as one approaches Grenoble, is very picturesque and mountainous. The chain of the Alps extends in this direction, but they are not so high here as they are more towards the interior of Savoy. Grenoble is situated at the foot of a high hill, which completely commands the town; it is therefore of little use that money should have been spent upon the fortifications, which can only prevent the place being taken by a coup-de-main, to which it was certainly exposed during the wars between France and the Duke of Savoy. The famous Marshal Vauban, the first engineer of his age, proposed to Lewis XIV. to make it one of the strongest fortresses in France, by taking within the works part of the above-mentioned hill; but the expence was thought to be too great, and it was not undertaken. The only part of the environs of Grenoble that we visited was Vizil, a large village, surrounded at a small distance by mountains, and having a large castle, formerly the residence of the Maréchal de

Lesdiguieres, who flourished in the latter half of the sixteenth century, but now a calico printing manufactory, and in possession of a family with whom we were intimate. One of this family was good enough to accompany us in our visit to General Daumas, of whom we wished to ask the permission to make excursions into the Department du Leman, after our return to Geneva, without particular application. General Daumas had once been a Corporal, and he still retains the manners of one, as we easily perceived by his reception of us. He, however, granted us our request, and wrote to Geneva to that effect. Our friend introduced us likewise to Mr. Fourrier, Prefect of the Department de l'Isère, whose manners were far different from those of his military colleague. He said that we might remain at Grenoble as long as was agreeable to us. He had been in Egypt with the famous expedition under Bonaparte, in a scientific capacity, being a great mathematician. It was he who pronounced in the presence of the army, then under Menou, the funeral oration over the corpse of the unfortunate Kleber. Mr. Renauldon, Mayor of Grenoble, was equally polite. He took us to see the Museum, although it was not open at that time to the public: it contains some fine models of statues and paintings. He would have shewn us the

Arsenal also, had it not been for the peculiarity of our situation. It contained, at that time, many thousand stand of arms, and a considerable park of artillery, which were kept in readiness, in the event of any discontent or disturbance appearing in that part of Italy now incorporated with France, or the kingdom of Naples, which had but lately received Joseph Bonaparte for her sovereign.

After a few days, very agreeably spent, we continued our route towards Geneva. The first half day's journey (14th April 1807) was through the beautiful Vallée de Graisivaudant. We changed horses, but did not stop, at Chambery; and on the fifteenth, at three o'clock in the afternoon, we reached our friends, whose kind reception cannot easily be forgotten. The Prefect and Mayor joined their congratulations to those of all our acquaintance; and General Dupuch, although wishing to appear like the others, could not help being angry, and expressing himself hurt at our having asked a permission of the superior General at Grenoble, which, said he, he had never refused. But we knew very well in what manner he granted it, and what importance his empty head always attached to so trifling an indulgence. He had now no longer the power of preventing us from going as much out of the town as we chose, and that vexed him. He probably never forgave us for

placing ourselves beyond his power in this respect, for his subsequent way of acting towards us has been a series of petty revenges and contemptible duplicity.

We had the comfort of hearing every particular we could wish about our family from a brother-in-law of our eldest sister's, who had just left England. He became, of course, our most intimate friend, until his premature death, which happened in May 1809, after an illness of three days.

An attempt was made by our family, in 1807, to get us over, through the means of an individual who was, most likely, nothing but a swindler; but our good father, willing to catch at every hope that was held out to him, was persuaded to give a credit on our friends to this Mr. Bolts, who had assumed the name of Verroux, and was to do wonders on his arrival at Paris. However, the first thing he did was to receive one hundred pounds, to the great reluctance of our friends, who gave him the money, firmly believing that no good would ever come of it. He informed us of his arrival at Paris, and of his intentions, requesting we would send him different papers, some of which we sent, others we could not obtain. We exchanged a few letters upon the plan that he was about to pursue in our favor, and then heard no more of him for a length

of time, until he wrote in answer to the wish we expressed of knowing how things were going on, that he had been at the point of death. He actually died soon after, leaving us to regret the hundred pounds, and the hopes he had given us to no purpose. Besides our own private applications to Government for our release, our countrymen at Verdun lost no opportunity of laying their interesting situation before any person whose influence might perhaps be exercised in their behalf. Among others, a petition was addressed to the Duchess of Wirtemburg (formerly the Princess Royal of England), whom Bonaparte visited at Stuttgard, on his way to one of his German campaigns, begging her intercession in favor of her detained countrymen; but her power was so limited, that her Highness was under the necessity of declining all interference. Many trifling, though interesting, occurrences with respect to our hopeless situation, came to the knowledge of the English at Verdun, but did not reach us, either in consequence of our distance from Head Quarters, or on account of the unsatisfactory result in which they terminated.

As in every part of the world political reports are circulated, and people believe what they desire, we allowed ourselves to be deceived by the news that the mediation of Russia had been ac-

cepted for the purpose of bringing about a peace between the belligerent powers (August 1807). But this, as well as every other prospect of an accommodation, was of very short duration. Another twelvemonth passed over our heads; but the probability of a change in the politics of either country was as distant as ever. The French ruler grew every day more inveterate against every thing English, and there were, of course, no hopes that his conduct towards us would become in any degree milder. The *Carte Blanche* we had received from home, to act as we thought proper, induced us, therefore, to engage in a new plan (October 1808) for attaining our wishes, although it was somewhat against our inclination. The town of Geneva being the place of our father's birth, it occurred to us that we might claim the right of being considered as Genevans, and that, if this claim were allowed, we might be struck off the list of prisoners, and shortly after make the best of our way home. Our intention must certainly have been evident to every one who might be acquainted with the plan; but, as it was a very plausible way of getting off, the Prefect was so obliging as to procure every information in his power as to the best mode of proceeding. Our first steps succeeded to our wishes; the principal obstacles seemed to be overcome, and no-

thing but the sanction of the Minister at War was wanting; when, to our great regret, we were informed that (January 1809) he had broke it off entirely, and would not hear of such a thing; alledging as a reason for this decision, that we had gone the wrong way to work; that we ought to have applied first to him, and so on. It was not long before the true cause of our disappointment came to our knowledge. The artful General Dupuch, after having signed different papers which we were called upon to send to Paris as proofs of good conduct, wrote a private letter to the Minister at War, to state that our intention in taking these steps was only for the purpose of departing immediately, and thus defeated all our hopes. The Minister at War himself, although he acted upon the information given in this letter, could not help observing, "Qu'elle était indigne d'un militaire." The contempt that we felt for General Dupuch will not appear more than he really deserved, after such base conduct; yet policy required us to treat him with more civility than was agreeable. This new disappointment did not at all heighten the amusement we usually found in the winter parties, and the loss of an intimate friend, in May 1809, cast a still deeper gloom over the seventh year of our separation from our family.

In June, we made a short excursion with a few friends into Savoy, to see a glass manufactory at Torrens. We arrived at dark, and had a most interesting sight of the establishment, which had more the appearance of one of Pluto's cells than of any place on earth. The half-naked workmen blowing bottles and forming glasses; the tremendous furnaces and the red-hot matter, which kept the building seemingly in a blaze; the darkness of the night, increased of course by the contrast; a strong ray of light darting here and there through the crevices of the walls, and throwing a partial glare upon the firs and pines which covered the adjoining mountains; formed altogether one of the most awfully beautiful scenes that can be witnessed. From hence we repaired over a strong road to Annecy, and visited the very picturesque lake of this name. It is about twenty miles in circumference, and is very closely encompassed by the mountains, which makes the navigation dangerous for boats, on account of the sudden gusts of wind, which come on without any previous warning. The Chateau de —— is curiously situated on a little peninsula, towards the upper end of the lake, and cannot fail attracting the attention of the most unobserving traveller. A narrow neck of land forms its communication with the shore, which is not far distant.

It was formerly inhabited by some of the independent Barons, whose ruined fortresses are so numerous in that part of the country, and add so much to the beauties of nature in the valleys of the Alps. In the town of Annecy we found nothing particularly interesting, except a manufactory for spinning cotton, which had been established but a few years since in the premises of a convent, abolished by the decrees of the French revolutionists. This establishment resembled, in its construction and machinery, the cotton manufactories of this country; though it fell far short of their perfection. We left Annecy for Geneva (22d June 1809) the fourth day of this little excursion, taking a humble meal, by way of dinner, at Pommier, in an ancient monastery, beautifully situated at the foot of the west end of *Mont Salève.*

Although nearly five years of our banishment had been spent within six miles of Fernex, our curiosity had not yet been strong enough to prompt us to visit it. Its celebrated inhabitant, Voltaire, had been dead many years; but a Roman Catholic priest, who had lived a long time with him, had closed his eyes, at the age of near ninety, only a few weeks before our visit; our neglect had thus unfortunately deprived us of an opportunity of learning, on the best authority, many in-

teresting particulars relative to this mischievous philosopher and infidel. In one of the rooms is a Mausoleum to the memory of Voltaire, who certainly wanted no other monument than the French Revolution, which his writings served, no doubt, considerably to promote. This man's existence was one of the greatest calamities that could befal France. The ground was ready to receive the seed which he and others spared themselves no trouble in sowing. The nations of Europe have had a fair opportunity of judging of the produce, and of receiving one of the most awful lessons that Providence has given to the world.

There are still at Geneva a number of persons who were in the habit of visiting De Voltaire, and of seeing some of his best tragedies performed by Lekain and Mademoiselle Clairon, and other superior actors, in a private theatre, built by him for the purpose in the village of Fernex, where it remains to this day. In these select theatricals, where Lekain, acting before the author, gave full scope to his eminent powers, Voltaire, struck with new beauties in his own composition, has been heard to exclaim, "Est ce bien moi qui ai fait cela?" doubting whether his own words expressed all the feelings the actor roused within him. If he had confined his writings to the Henriade, and some of his best tragedies, Vol-

taire would have been more admired by men of principle, and perhaps not much less by men of talent.

The beginning of the last year of our captivity (1810) was remarkable for the severity of the winter. In the night of the twenty-first of February, the lake near Geneva was frozen so hard that some persons went across it; and on the twenty-third, we entered the town on the ice, instead of coming in at the gates.

Notwithstanding all this ice, there was no skaiting to London; so we really began to think of making our way by some other conveyance, and had already endeavoured to get the best information as to the safest means of returning home without leave from Bonaparte; when an English agent, Mr. Mackenzie, arrived at Morlaix for the purpose of negotiating a treaty with the French Government for the exchange of prisoners (May 1810). The circumstances relative to this negotiation were best known in this country, as the truth was carefully kept from our knowledge in France; suffice it to say that, after about six months of alternate hopes and fears, it was broken off. This new disappointment left us no other alternative than that of putting our plan into execution; therefore we communicated our design to our countryman Mr. Clarke, and to two of

our friends at Geneva. But this belongs more properly to the Second Part of the Narrative; to close the First, therefore, a slight sketch of Geneva, in its present state, may not appear uninteresting, either to those who have not been there, or to those who have known it under its own republican government.

Geneva is situated on a most beautiful spot, at one extremity of the Leman Lake, known to be one of the finest in Europe. This noble piece of water is about sixty miles in length, and ten or twelve in width at its broadest part, though much narrower towards the extremities. It is of a remarkably blue transparent colour, is well stocked with fish, and particularly famous for its trout, which are found here of a prodigious size. The Rhone rolls into it at the opposite end, and, having blended its waters with those of the Lake, separates itself in two rapid streams, which run through the lower part of the town, forming a little island, and, uniting immediately, continue their course through France. About half a mile below the town, the Rhone receives the waters of the Arve, a large and rapid torrent formed by the melting of snow on the Glaciers of the valley of Chamouni, near the Mont Blanc. The colour of the Arve is of a light muddy cast, bordering upon a pale milk-and-water white. The waters

of these two rivers do not blend totally together for several miles, and it is very curious to see these different coloured streams running on their own side of the bed, as if a party wall prevented their union. The territory of this republic is bordered on one side by the Pays de Vaud, which is a part of Switzerland; and the barren range of mountains, known under the name of the Mont Jura, terminate the view towards the north-east. The Savoy side is more varied to the eye. Vast mountains, and high precipices, bound the prospect all round, and rise behind one another in wild and fantastic forms; some totally bleak and barren, such as the *Breson;* others woody, or verdant, such as *Les Voirons*, or *Le Mole;* others covered with perpetual snow, such as the *Mont Blanc* and the *Buet*, which are seen from many leagues distance. This perpetual contrast of enchanting softness and rugged grandeur forms an assemblage of noble scenery which it demands all the powers of poetry and painting to record. The vicinity of the city to some of these mountains renders the winters very severe, and the summers extremely hot, and frequently occasions such sudden changes in the weather as surprise those who are strangers to the climate. The north-east wind, which they call the *bize*, is so sharp and penetrating, when it blows hard, that it

seems actually to cut the face of any person walking against it, and literally prevents him from opening his mouth. The climate is, however, rendered much more wholesome by this wind than it otherwise would be from the vicinity of the Lake, from whence a great degree of dampness must necessarily rise. People live here to a great age, and this is, no doubt, to be attributed to the climate, as well as to the temperate manner in which they live.

This Republic, from its geographical situation, could not be otherwise than affected by the new principles of liberty and equality which spread like a pestilence among their neighbours of France, with whom they had continual intercourse. The disaffected were secretly, and sometimes openly, instigated by the revolutionary government of France, through the medium of their resident Envoy at Geneva. The enemies to property and wealth got the upper hand, and obtained the principal offices of the state. Many respectable families emigrated into Switzerland, others remained. A revolutionary tribunal was instituted, after the manner of those in France, for the judgment of their fellow countrymen. Not only the prisons, but other public buildings, swarmed with the victims of this murderous mockery of law. In 1794, seven persons, heads of the most respectable

families of the place, who had enjoyed public situations, were shot in the Bastions *, in consequence of the sentence pronounced upon them by their fellow citizens. In 1796, the French troops entered the city; and a treaty was signed between the French and Genevan Republics, stipulating what was to remain under the direction of the former possessors; such as the concerns of their spiritual government; the management of the Hospital, and of the funds belonging to it; of their Academy and College, or Public School; besides some other things of less importance. The territory, and that part of Savoy which lies between the Alps and the Lake of Geneva, and the Pays de Gex (a tract of country between the Mont Jura and the Lake, belonging already to France), were formed into one district, under the name of the *Departement du l'Leman*, which is governed in the same manner as every other

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* Les Bastions is the name given to a large space of enclosed ground, close to the fortifications on the southern side of the town, containing a grove of very fine trees. It was a much frequented promenade, before it was the scene of tumult and the theatre of blood, but is now completely deserted, notwithstanding the shade and the coolness it affords in summer. There is, in the midst of the trees, a very high pillar, with a bust of J. J. Rousseau on the top.

department of the French empire. Geneva, as the chief city, is the residence of the Prefect, or Civil Magistrate. He has the superintendence of all the government concerns of the department; he represents the legislative and executive powers; he does not sit in any court of law, nor has he any independent authority; he is the mere organ of Government, receiving his orders from the Minister of the Interior, and regularly reporting to him the whole of his proceedings, although he can correspond with the other Ministers upon subjects relating to their respective departments. The Police, the raising of Conscripts, levying taxes, the application of money to public purposes, the promulgation of new laws—all this is part of the duty of the Prefects. Besides these Prefects, there are various officers, nominated by the Emperor, for each separate place; for instance, the *Mayor* of the town, or, if in the country, of a district; the *Commissary of Police,* the *Recéveur Général,* the *Payeur,* the *Directeur des Droits Réunis,* and others. In every department there is also a General, commanding the military; he receives his instructions from a General of Division, commanding several departments, who is in regular correspondence with the Minister at War. If a town is fortified, or of any military importance, then there is a General, or

some other officer, to command in it. This was the case with Geneva while we were there; but there is a decree now passed for the demolition of its fortifications; the execution of this decree is, however, likely to be uncertain, as it will be an expensive undertaking*. Mr. De Barante, a man of very good manners and education, and an excellent magistrate, was Prefect at Geneva at the time we were there; he had been, before the revolution, attached to the service of the Duke of Orleans, but was no friend or follower of his principles. Mr. De Barante, by his judicious conduct, and conciliatory manners, towards the Genevans, who were, and are still, bewailing the loss of their freedom, had rendered the French yoke as light to them as he could, and had certainly gained their esteem, and even affection. But lenity not being the principle upon which the French Government is conducted, this Magistrate was dismissed from his situation, without being apprised of it in any other way than that of reading in the official paper, the Moniteur, that another person was appointed in his stead. Ano-

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* Those who may wish to be fully acquainted with the present form of Government of France, will find it most accurately described in "Faber's Internal State of France."

ther circumstance was supposed also to have been accessary to his unexpected dismissal, which was, his intimacy with the celebrated Madame de Staël, who has always been particularly obnoxious to the present Government. The conduct of Monsieur de Barante to us was always that of a gentleman, and, often, of a person feeling for the situation in which we were placed. We had not, luckily, to regret him; for it was the day after we were acquainted with his being about to leave Geneva, that we put our plan of escape into execution. The Mayor of Geneva, Mr. Maurice, was another person to whom we were much indebted for the services which his situation gave him the means of rendering us.

The religion of Geneva is the reformed, professedly such as it was established by Calvin, but, in fact, considerably more moderate and liberal than the system of faith adopted and settled by the reformer himself. The present enlightened state of the civilised world has made a very perceptible change in the general opinions concerning religious doctrines, and a spirit of toleration seems to be diffusing itself throughout Europe. For who can witness the increasing number of Protestants in this country who are in favor of the emancipation of the Catholics of Ireland, and possibly of the subsequent repeal of the Test

Act? who can reflect on the overthrow of the Pope's temporal power, which may terminate in the overthrow of his spiritual; on the abolition of most of the convents in Italy, and some parts of Spain; on the terrible convulsions of that Peninsula, by which the annihilation of the Inquisition may be accomplished; on the scanty salaries afforded by the French Government to the priests, who do not amount to one quarter of the number requisite to perform the external and least useful of the Catholic ceremonies; who can take all these facts into consideration, by which more than sixty millions of the most enlightened inhabitants of the world are more or less affected, and not be persuaded that more than human means are employed in producing some great and unforeseen result? Perhaps the time is fast approaching where religious contention and persecution will be no more.—But to return to the church of Geneva. The doctrines were, no doubt, originally the same as those of the Calvinistic Methodists in this country; but the change which has taken place does not consist in an open or avowed renunciation of any of the tenets of Calvin, but in a silent consent to forbear insisting on many of them in the religious instructions given to their youth, or in the pulpit. During the six years that we inhabited Geneva, we do not, either of

us, recollect to have heard a sermon, or a conversation, in which the doctrines of election, reprobation, or predestination, have been at all supported. Since time and learning have produced more moderation and liberality in the religious belief of the followers of this reformer, their church may be more properly compared with the Presbyterian church of Scotland; a resemblance which naturally brings to the recollection a curious remark which has been made by persons who are well acquainted with both cities, that there is a great similarity of manners and customs between the inhabitants of Edinburgh and those of Geneva. The government of the church of Geneva has not suffered by the political revolution; it is left totally to themselves, except that the Emperor must sanction the nomination of a clergyman to any church. It may still, therefore, be called, as before, democratical. It is under the superintendence of the *Consistoire*, composed of all the pastors, and a few laymen. The President of the Consistoire is one of the pastors, who is called, for the time being, *Modérateur*, and changes every week, without any election; the following pastor in rotation taking the place of the preceding for a week, and so on. The pastors of country churches do not fill the office of Modérateur; most likely because they reside, or

ought to reside, in their respective parishes. The salaries of the pastors is very inconsiderable, and, as in most other countries at present, bear too small a proportion to private fortunes. Expences increase, but the salaries do not. No pastor receives more than about eighty pounds a year for his services. If he happens to be a Professor, that is, a member of the Academy, he receives, at most, sixty pounds more for the lectures he is required to give. The consequence naturally is, that most of the pastors, in order to support a family, must have recourse to the additional care of a school, or private seminary, in their own houses, or give lessons abroad. A great deal of time which ought to be consecrated to the duties of their station is thus absorbed, by the necessity of gaining even a moderate income. The pastor who has instructed a young person (and all are instructed previous to confirmation) in the knowledge of religion, always receives a pecuniary compliment, according to the means of the parents.

There are two sermons preached on Sundays, in every church; in two of them, a sermon on Thursdays; and in some one of them, prayers every day. The service is devoid of form; their prayers are few and short; they never kneel, and are allowed to put on their hats during the ser-

mon, which is the principal part of their service: even the minister, while he is preaching, has sometimes recourse to this method of keeping his head warm. They receive the sacrament four times a year; on the first Sunday in September, and upon the nearest Sunday to the three grand festivals, when the churches are crowded to an astonishing degree. Weddings, baptisms, and the administration of the sacrament, are regarded as public acts, and are never performed but in the church. They bury the dead without any other ceremony than that of attending the body to the grave; usually the five nearest relations on the husband's or father's side, and the five nearest on the wife's or mother's side, perform this last duty. Those of the inhabitants who are desirous of paying any respect to the memory of the deceased, join the funeral procession, following two by two the ten relatives, either a part or the whole of the way to the burial ground; or when they return, by meeting them half way, and following them to the door, where these ten relatives place themselves in a line, and wait until all those who have accompanied them have passed by, which they do with their hats off, and making a bow. We have seen the funeral procession of two men of the lowest class, who were attached to the service of the fire engines, and had lost their lives in assisting

to extinguish a dreadful fire, attended by perhaps no less than two thousand of their fellow citizens, with the Mayor, and the most respectable of the first classes, at their head. This way of paying tribute to the memory of the deserving, is a sort of patriotic proof of approbation, which must be agreeable to the feelings of the family which may have been deprived of its brightest ornament.

The system of education at Geneva has always been much celebrated, and was one of the deservedly admired features in this Republic. It was, when we left the place, about to undergo considerable alterations, in order to conform it to the new plan laid down by the French Government for the instruction of the whole of the youth of France. It is much to be feared that all these innovations will completely check that emulation which is so necessary to improvement; but this is most probably the intention of Bonaparte, "*Qui veut des Soldats et non des Savants,*" for these were his own words when he went to inspect the youths of a Lyceum, where he found some not so skilful in the manual exercise as distinguished for their learning.

The public school called *Le Collège* was supported at the expence of the state, and every father had a right to send his son to receive the usual instruction, which was indiscriminately the

same for rich and poor, without expence. The scholar brought his own books, and, after school hours were over, returned home. The college was, in fact, a day-school, where writing and ciphering, the rudiments of the French language, the principles of their religion, and the Latin and Greek languages, were taught. Any other lessons, more especially such as belong to the exterior qualifications, as, for instance, dancing, fencing, music, &c. were taken at home. To the college succeed the Auditoires, so called from the place in which the professors give their lectures. The first and second years, the young men attend the Lectures on the Belles Lettres; the third year, on Philosophy. After this, those who are destined for the church must devote three years to the Lectures on Theology; those who intend to follow the law, to the Lectures on this branch; others, and, of course, by far the greater number, discontinue their studies after having completed their twelvemonth of Philosophy. Previous to each year's promotion, every scholar goes through a public examination, by the Members of the Academy. After each examination, the Professors are left to themselves, to decide upon its merits, or demerits. A bell is rung; the throng of spectators and auditors rush in to hear the report, which is pronounced by the *Recteur*, or

President of the Academy, to the scholar, who stands in a conspicuous place by himself, to hear the public compliment due to his exertions, or sometimes the contrary; and also to be informed whether he is allowed to go up into the next Auditoire. This report is called, in the familiar Genevan language, *Le Grabau.* The day of the promotions is always one of festivity; all the boys of the College walk in procession to the Cathedral of Saint Peter, with every master at the head of his class; there, after an applicable speech from one of the Professors, the meritorious scholar receives his prize, which is generally a piece of silver, formerly the coin of the Republic, but now of some other description. When all the prizes are delivered, two discourses are pronounced by two of the senior boys, one in Latin, the other in French; both written by some one of the Professors. This closes the ceremony; and the different authorities, the Members of the Academy, and of the Consistoire, and the numerous disappointed, or gratified, parents and boys, return home for the day.

The liberty which every one thus enjoyed, of giving a good education to his son, accounts for the lower classes of Genevans being so much better informed than the same classes in other nations, and is no slight incentive to that vanity of

which there was a great deal in a small population. This is strongly exemplified in the following fact,—that the Genevans would rather receive assistance from the hospital than engage in any other trade in Geneva but that of watch-making, in which they certainly excel, and is, therefore, considered as much superior to that of a tailor, shoemaker, wheelright, &c.; these are carried on either by Germans or by Swiss, from the German cantons. During our stay in that town, a considerable manufactory for spinning cotton was established in the neighbourhood, which, of course, employed a great number of men, women, and children; not one of these was a Genevan, notwithstanding the increasing misery from the declining state of the watch trade: all were from Savoy, or the other quarters of the department which had always been French. If, by chance, a half starved Genevan, of either sex, did come to ask for work, no sooner was the emaciated frame somewhat restored, than the spirit recovered its stubborn energy, and spurned at the yoke of those regularities which are so necessary to such an establishment; and seldom did any one of them stay so long as a month.

If much pains are taken with the young men, little less are bestowed on the females. They are almost all brought up at home; are all well

grounded in their own language, in the principles of religion, writing, geography, and history. Many read some other living languages, and some speak them. They generally excel in needle-work, and often in the more refined accomplishments.

The present state of society seems to be little different, in most points at least, from what it was under the former government. It is still considerably influenced by that republican spirit which, in most other respects, has been forced to submit to the yoke of iron. The French who hold government situations in the town of Geneva, feel and complain most bitterly of this inconvenience. They cannot get admitted into the regular societies, or mix with the original inhabitants, any further than the latter think proper, for the sake either of policy or civility; while, on the other hand, Englishmen, Swiss, and other foreigners, are well received, and even sometimes courted. It is not, therefore, very surprising that one should hear the amiable and social qualities of the Genevans so much extolled by some, and disparaged by others. The Roman Catholic religion, which most Frenchmen profess, and their freedom of manners, are, perhaps, the principal causes of this exclusion. There never has been much affection between this remarkable Republic and France,

whose kings and ministers have generally looked upon the prosperity of this weak, but high spirited neighbour, with a jealous eye. The late conduct of France was calculated only to strengthen this unfavorable impression towards every thing French.

The following customs appear to have prevailed from time immemorial. There is a marked distinction between the higher and lower classes, as in most towns, especially in small ones; but in every class, each female, almost without exception, belongs to a particular *societé*, composed of about a dozen persons, of her own age and sex. These persons have been brought together sometimes at the age of seven or eight years, by their mothers, who have agreed to form this union for their daughters, who, from that time, meet every Sunday evening, for life, at each other's houses, alternately, adopting immediately the appellation one to another of "*Mes Amies de Société.*" As soon as any one of these young ladies has entered the marriage state, then gentlemen are admitted into the *Société*. Those young men who wish to be elected members, pay a visit by card to the several young ladies, who, on an appointed day, meet in order to elect those whom they think proper. The mothers have, no doubt, the principal influence in this nomination, but they act, as it were,

behind the curtain; for the exclusion of any one is not left to whim, or fancy, but is usually grounded on some irregularity of conduct, with which this young female republic could hardly be acquainted. Those gentlemen from henceforth attend this Société every Sunday evening, if they chuse, wherever it is held, and without invitation. Foreigners, when intimate, are invited by the lady who receives "*La societé du Dimanche.*" As soon as the "*Société est ouverte,*" (which is the technical term made use of when the gentlemen are admitted) the unmarried, as well as the married ladies, send invitations in their own name, and can give parties in the course of the week, to which the access is somewhat easier than to the Sunday meeting, as they invite other female friends who are not of their *Société*, and thus the party becomes less private. If any mortality happens to decrease materially the number of persons in a *Société*, new members are admitted, or two *Sociétés* unite. This occurs frequently towards the close of life, when they are reduced to four, three, or only two, of the original formation. The habit of this sort of society having grown up with them, must be carried to the grave. During part of the summer months, whilst most persons are in the country, the meetings of the regular societies are not in general continued. The amusements at

these parties are regulated principally by the age of the individuals: from romping, and childish play, they go on to dancing; and then to cards, which are generally introduced, more or less, from the time the "*Société est ouverte.*" This is invariably the most brilliant period; and it is very natural that it should be so, at an age when both sexes are more alive to the feelings of the heart than at any other: this period lasts for three, four, or five years. The young men are, of course, most attentive then, and give themselves most trouble for the amusement of the ladies. Subscription balls, suppers, acting plays, and *proverbes*, make an agreeable change from the routine of cards. In some small parties, the evening is occasionally spent in conversation. There is a circumstance, with respect to the societies of young persons, worthy of observation; which is, that although no female of maturer age mixes in these parties, the greatest decorum and propriety of behaviour are always to be found. Perhaps the very circumstance of their being left to themselves, makes the young women more reserved than they otherwise would be; but this reserve is so judiciously tempered, that it does not prevent that gaiety so natural to youth, and so desirable, when under the controul of a well regulated mind. Many ladies, particularly those of an advanced

age, have regular societies every day in the week, which would be amazingly irksome to any but those whom long habit has inured to this frequent unvarying recurrence of the same faces. The first, and to many the most interesting act of these assemblies, is the *Gouté*, which may be compared to our tea-drinking, only that, in addition to coffee and tea (which latter has only within these few years been generally introduced), the produce of the confectioner's shop forms no mean part of the repast, and hot pastry, hams, and other similar delicacies, figure upon the table. It is really entertaining to witness the enjoyment of some of these worthy folks during their performance at a tempting *Gouté;* and it is a known fact that, considering the population of the town, an incredible quantity of confectionary is consumed.

Much is to be said for and against this mode of regular society. Its most valuable effect is that of uniting individuals for life, in an indissoluble bond of attachment; which secures to them the heartfelt interest of a friend in all their joys, and, what is still more precious, in all their afflictions. These advantages, combined with that feeling of patriotism so intelligible to an English woman, occasion the reluctance which every Genevan lady feels to a settlement out of her own country.

Indeed, this is not the only instance in which a comparison might be drawn between the English and the Genevans. The principal inconvenience of these societies is more likely to strike foreigners, who see nothing of the kind any where else; namely, the separation of the female members of a family every Sunday evening. It is to be recollected that these societies are formed of persons of nearly the same age, the eldest not being, in general, above three years older than the youngest, so that a mother, and each of her daughters, have their separate societies. Admitting that the harmony of a family is not at all disturbed by this, there is, at least, a probability of closer intimacy between two acquaintances than between two sisters, which it would be desirable to avoid. Another objection is, that, from such frequent intercourse, the subjects of conversation must be often very frivolous, and are followed by that bad custom, so prevalent in small towns, of taking too lively an interest in what regards one's neighbour; not to add, of giving way to an idle curiosity. It is almost impossible to reside for any length of time at Geneva, without becoming acquainted with the merits, or demerits, of every individual. In large towns, people have not time to cherish this inquisitive disposition; nor is the indulgence at all to be

coveted, for it often gives rise to secret and lasting ill will.

In the same manner that parents form a society for their daughters, they form one for their sons, at an equally early period of life, with youths of the same age; only, when they are old enough to be admitted into female society, the regularity of their own meetings is broken up, although the habits of early friendship mostly continue, and are occasionally renewed by a dinner, or a supper.

The clergymen of Geneva have also their evening assembly once a week, called "*La Société des Ministres.*" On Sunday evenings they also go to their *Sociétés*, and do not scruple to play at cards; considering that, when their religious duties are over, there is no harm in joining in rational amusement. Our English notions of rational amusement may perhaps differ; but their intentions are certainly as upright and pure as ours; although music, cards, and dancing, are not usually admitted on the evening of the Sabbath in our families. It is not from the continuance of a custom, considered as innocent and established from time immemorial, that any mischief is to be apprehended, but from the introduction of new habits, when old ones are already found good. The physicians and surgeons have also their

weekly meetings, called "*La Société des Médecins,*" at which any new cases relating to their profession are stated and discussed.

It may be fairly concluded that there is no town where there is so much visiting, and so many parties, as at Geneva; and that this is to be attributed to the want of occupation, to the intimacy and relationship of a great many families, and to the small extent of the town, which, comprising within a narrow compass the greater part of the population of the Republic, unavoidably brings individuals into a closer acquaintance with each other.

No country, with the exception of England, spares so much for benevolent purposes. In the administration of its charitable resources, it is perhaps superior to England, where less good is generally done with a given extent of means. Besides the Public Hospital, there are *La Bourse Allemande,* for the relief of poor Germans and Englishmen; *La Bourse Française,* for the French; and *La Bourse Italienne,* for the Italians. The funds of these establishments are kept up by occasional donations, by legacies, and by regular annual collections, the distribution of which is entrusted to the directors of the charities.

During the last year of our residence at Geneva, we were applied to for contribution to the relief

of some hundreds of our countrymen, prisoners at Briançon. We made no scruple in stating their case confidentially to some of our friends, and in a few days had collected the sum of fifty pounds. This was an instance of private and disinterested charity, which, though small in its effects on a large number of objects, was far from trifling, when considered as the act of a few.

Little, in short, seems wanting to complete their character, but an opportunity of seeing other manners and other forms of society. Their observation is confined to one system of life; and this want of enlarged intercourse has deeply grafted on their minds some prejudices and habits, which very forcibly, and perhaps not very pleasantly, arrest the attention of foreigners. These, however, are but subordinate defects, by no means of sufficient importance to debase the sterling excellence which distinguishes the society of Geneva.

NARRATIVE,

&c.

Part the Second.

We have stated, in the First Part of this Narrative, that Captain Mackenzie was at Morlaix, negotiating for an exchange of prisoners. A letter from home, received about the middle of November, informed us, at length, of the rupture of these negotiations, and the *Moniteur* of the following day confirmed the melancholy news. From that moment, we resolved to attempt our escape, and immediately communicated our intentions to a friend, in whom we had the greatest confidence. It was, of course, necessary to form a regular plan of proceeding; and we decided upon the following. We were to go into Switzerland, with a recommendation to a Swiss house; through whose mediation we were to obtain passports, from a magistrate of a small town, as Danes, travelling and having lost their own passports. This was a perilous undertaking, as we

had to pass the frontiers of France, going and returning, and were exposed to the chance of meeting many persons of our acquaintance on the road. We, however, shortly took this hazardous step, accompanied by our friend M——, who had prepared every thing for this enterprise beforehand. A gentleman, to whom we were recommended, accompanied us to the magistrate of the place, and, having mentioned our case, asked for passports under his own responsibility. One of us passed for a gentleman of rank, *Mr. de C——;* the other, for his Valet de Chambre, *Herman.* The magistrate, whilst he was describing our persons in the passports, observed that the servant was particularly well dressed. Mr. de C—— answered very readily, "that really servants now could hardly be distinguished, by their dress, from their masters." Our visit to this magistrate was short; indeed we rejoiced when it was over, for he seemed to have doubts whether he could prudently grant the passports. We signed them in his presence, with our new names, and retired, well satisfied with the success of this first and important step. The passports we left with the gentleman who accompanied us to the magistrate's, as the signatures of some superior magistrates of the Canton were necessary, as well as that of the Austrian Envoy to the Swiss Confederation,

because the passports were made out for Vienna. After this, we returned home very safely, with our friend M——.

About three weeks elapsed before we departed from Geneva: during that time, a friend had purchased a travelling carriage for us, at Lausanne; and our passports, when provided with the necessary signatures, were sent to that friend, who also prepared for us the money that we were in need of. During these three weeks we were as active in the final arrangement of our affairs as we could be, without raising suspicions of our design. We concerted our plan of departure with a friend N——, to whom, the preceding evening, we contrived to carry two small parcels of linen and a little writing case. We wrote a few notes to some intimate friends, to inform them that we should not return, and left them in a bureau, which we expected would be examined when our absence should be discovered.

Thus prepared, we left Geneva on the morning of the 6th December 1810, walking out of the gates as if we were going on a visit. At about a mile from the town, on the road to Switzerland, we met our friend N——, with his *Char*, which he drove himself. At Rolle, we took fresh horses; and we arrived at Lausanne after dark. From hence we assumed our new characters, of a gentle-

man and his servant; and, having taken leave of our friend N——, we set out from Lausanne by a fine moonlight. The mountains we had to pass were covered with frozen snow, and we could get on but very slowly, for the horses could hardly stand on their legs. We stopped at Moudon, where supper and fresh horses had been ordered for us beforehand, for throughout Switzerland there are no establishments for post-horses, as in France and Germany. During supper, Herman went to attend to the greasing of the carriage wheels, and the stout, honest-looking, Swiss innkeeper complimented Mr. de C—— on having such an intelligent servant. The gentleman answered, that Herman was very faithful to him, and had been brought up in his father's house. At that moment Herman entered the room, with his master's slippers, and performed his office of assisting him in taking off his boots.

We continued our journey still slowly. Just before we got to Payerne, at about three o'clock of the morning, we passed a Calêche, which had broken down. Three Swiss gentlemen who were travelling in it followed us on foot, and entered the town whilst our horses were resting. The fear of being recognised made us carefully avoid them. We set out again an hour after, and at seven o'clock on Friday morning reached the town of Morat, on

the borders of a small lake, from which it takes its name. Here we found three horses ready for us.

We had thought of passing from Morat through Bern, thence to Zurich, and then to Constance, where we intended to cross the lake. But by the advice of our postillion we took the road to Soleure, by which means we were enabled to get out of Switzerland by the following morning, without any examination of passports. At Arberg we passed over one of the curious Swiss bridges which are covered over, and are sometimes of great length. We reached Soleure at about six in the evening. After purchasing some articles to preserve us from the cold, we started again at about seven o'clock, and got to Brugg, a small fortified town, where we fell in with the German posts. We waited there three hours for horses, then set forward, and in about an hour reached the river Aar, over which we passed in a ferry boat. It was a novelty for us to hear our postillion sound his little horn. All post boys in Germany wear a horn suspended by a string over the shoulder; it is emblematic of their profession. Farther on we crossed the Rhine in the same manner; we changed horses at Rheinheim, and went on to Schafhausen. A heavy fall of snow and sleet deprived us of the

satisfaction of visiting the celebrated fall of the Rhine. We here provided ourselves with a German book of roads.

Having crossed the Rhine over a large bridge, at the extremity of the town, we came to the frontiers of Switzerland, and passed into the Electorate of Baden, of which we were apprised only by a barrier and a post with a board put up for that purpose, there being no custom house or any police officers to inquire for passports.

It was now near sun-set, and the day very dark from the falling of the snow; we remarked during this stage, that we passed through some long thick forests, lying nearly south of the famous Black Forest. The surrounding scene was very imposing: for miles we travelled along a road lined on each side with fir trees, whose sable forms were exhibited by the moonlight, in dismal contrast with the brilliant whiteness of the snow. The effect was rendered still more impressive by the awful stilness which prevailed, and which was totally uninterrupted even by our wheels, as they passed through the snow without the slightest noise.

The next post (Singen) appeared to be a very trifling village: we only stopped to change horses, but that is not done very quickly in Germany in general. After passing through some more forests,

similar to the former, we got to Stockach. At the dirty little fortified town of Pfullendorf, on the frontiers of Wirtemberg, our passports were examined for the first time. The next post is the village of Altshausen, where the King of Wirtemberg has a country seat, to which he generally resorts once in the year. Having breakfasted there, we proceeded to Waldsee, and afterwards changed horses at Wursach. About half way from hence to the following post, we passed through the barriers separating Wirtemberg from Bavaria: our passports were undersigned there, and we proceeded without any difficulty. Just at dark we got into Memmingen, a considerable fortified town. About an hour after midnight we changed horses at Mindelheim, afterwards again at Buchlo, and again at seven o'clock in the morning at Lansberg, where we went into a very fine church, and heard some good singing, whilst the post boys were getting fresh horses. This town is fortified. The French were stopped some little time before it during the campaign of 1808, but it is not capable of a long resistance. Passing afterwards through Inning and Pfaffenhofen, we reached Munich at about three o'clock, and stopped an hour in that capital to dine. We then continued our road through Barsdorff, Hohenlinden, and Haag,

and early the following morning passed through Amfing, then Altennötting and Market.

In the afternoon we had a fine sight of Braunau, whose noble fortifications have, with the exception of a single wall, been demolished: to enter it from the west, one passes over a particularly long, narrow, ascending bridge. Before the demolition of the fortification it must have been a very formidable and a very noble object, as it is open on all sides to an extensive marshy plain. We followed the road through Altheim, Reed, and Unterhaag, between which place and the next post we passed the Austrian frontiers at night, where we were obliged to stop a short time to make an affidavit of what money we brought in with us, in order to be authorised to take it out again. While the custom-house officer got up to examine our baggage, he requested Mr. de C. to walk into his room, where his spouse, who was in bed, entertained the traveller during the husband's absence. At the post at Lamback, our passports were undersigned by the Austrian authorities, and we continued our route by Wells, Kleinmünchen, and Enns. Our passports were again examined there, and we availed ourselves of this stoppage to get some hot dinner, which we enjoyed much, as we usually only ate it cold in our carriage. The

road over which we had to travel that night was very hilly, so that we got on but slowly through Strenberg, Amstetten, and Kammelbach. On the 13th we passed by Mölk, St. Polten, Perchling, Sighardskirchen, and Buchersdorff, and at about two o'clock in the morning of the fourteenth of December we reached the gates of Vienna.

Our passports were here taken from us, and a ticket given to each, with which we were to appear at the police, within the twenty-four hours. The custom-house officers were very severe with us, and, in spite of our declaration and our offer of a couple of crowns, persisted in examining our chaise and luggage, which Herman was obliged to unstrap, and open with reluctance and difficulty, under a heavy shower of rain. After staying at the gates above half an hour, we went on, and rang at five or six of the principal hotels in Vienna, but without success; all were full: and after driving from street to street for above an hour, we, at length, went to the Golden Lamb, in the suburbs, on the Hungary road. We did not rejoice a little at the sight of a bed, and at the idea of undressing and lying down, after travelling eight days and nearly eight nights without stopping.

The same morning we paid an early visit to a gentleman in the commercial lime, with whom we had contracted an acquaintance during our cap-

tivity in France. This friend recognised us immediately; but we made a sign of silence, and Mr. de C., taking a seat by him, disclosed the cause of our mysterious appearance. During this communication the Valet de Chambre remained standing at a distance.

The result of Mr. de C.'s conversation was, that our friend would consult his partner, and consider what would be the best mode of serving us. The passports we had obtained from the Swiss magistrate were to go to Vienna; therefore, being arrived there, we were obliged to adopt new measures for proceeding on our journey. This was the object of our visit to our friend in that capital (whom we shall henceforth call D.) Our first intention had been to direct our course from Vienna to Odessa, and from thence to Constantinople by the Black Sea; but the information we obtained induced us to alter this plan.

After a second consultation with D., we were recommended to go to the police, with the cards given us in exchange for our passports at the gates, there to say that our intention was to proceed towards Turkey upon business. From thence we were to go to the Chancery to ask for fresh passports for Turkey. It was long before we could meet with the person to whom we were to apply for that purpose: at length, late in the even-

ing, we saw the secretary of the Count of Metternich (the Chancellor): he was a dry, stiff German, and the first remark he made to Mr. de C. (Herman having kept at a distance) was, that he had travelled excessively fast. Mr. de C. replied, that important affairs required his speedy presence at Salonica, and that he wished not to lose any time. The Secretary then remarked that the passports were irregular, and that he could not give us others, without a request in our favor from either the Danish or the Swiss Ambassador. We withdrew, to pass an uncomfortable night, little calculated to refresh us after our fatiguing journey from Geneva.

On the Saturday morning we went to consult D. on the proper steps to take under this new embarrassment. We there met with a gentleman whom we had known at Geneva, and who was bound to Salonica; he had a similar passport to ours, but in regular order, and was going to the Swiss Ambassador to have it exchanged for one for Turkey. With the advice of our friend D. we determined to follow the steps of this gentleman, whom we shall henceforward call E.

Accordingly we waited till he returned from the Swiss Ambassador's; and, being informed by him how he had acted, we proceeded in the same

way. Herman remained in an antichamber, while Mr. de C. went in to the Ambassador, who was an old Swiss Baron, very proud of his title. This Mr. de C. having observed, he did not spare flattery, and often introduced "Monsieur le Baron" during the conversation, which was principally about Smyrna cottons, at that time a considerable branch of trade between Austria and Turkey. The good old Ambassador did not hesitate long in giving a fresh passport, and even, to avoid future difficulties, stated that we were Swiss (Mr. de C. having mentioned that he had resided for many years past in the Canton de Vaud), and Herman was inserted as Secretary, in preference to Valet de Chambre.

We returned to our friend D. most heartily rejoiced with our success, and then thought of making preparations for continuing our journey. It was necessary to procure a more convenient vehicle than the old English post chaise which had served to convey us from Lausanne, and was much too heavy for the country we were to go through; we therefore purchased, for three thousand florins, paper money (then only worth about forty pounds sterling, in consequence of the great depreciation of that currency in Austria), a small neat barouche, called a postwagen, and some articles of warm-

clothing; then passed a comfortable evening in writing home, and to some friends at Geneva, to inform them of our success.

On Sunday morning we called on E., and met, by chance, two Frenchmen, who had lately arrived from Salonica by the road we were to take; they told us what we should most want in the Turkish provinces; but the best was, that they had with them a Turk, who served them as Dragoman, or Interpreter: he was a native of Smyrna, and spoke French pretty well. They were not sorry to get rid of this man, and gave him up to us; but the Turk, wishing to travel in some Christian countries, was unwilling to return, and could only be tempted by three thousand Turkish piastres (about one hundred and fifty pounds sterling), which we engaged to pay him jointly with E. We dined with E. and his father, made all arrangements for our journey, and agreed that we would pay two-thirds of the money promised to the Turk, and of his travelling expences, although E. was to have his services for a whole year, and that we should not, probably, want him for above two months; however, we readily made some sacrifice, in order not to lose time; and E., knowing our situation, was evidently taking advantage of it.

We left Vienna on the seventeenth: E. was to

follow us the next day only, but we wished to get away from that capital, fearing that we should not be safe there, if the French Ambassador (Otto) should make any inquiries after us. We afterwards learnt that there was private protection at Vienna for Englishmen, and on our return to England we found that two persons, who had effected their escape from France after us, had been a month at Vienna under that protection. The next day E., accompanied by the Turk, joined us at Presburg, where we had arrived early enough to walk about the town, and see the fine view from the castle, which is on an eminence on the left bank of the Danube, over which we had passed in a ferry barge. We wrote home in the evening, avoiding our own name in the letters or on the directions*.

On Wednesday morning, the 19th of December, we recrossed the Danube, and proceeded with E. and the Turk on our journey: the different villages we passed through were, principally, of one single street, with houses or huts on either side, built with lath and plaster, roofed in with rushes, and only one story high, each house having a small yard or garden railed in; these villages were

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* These letters were the first that reached our parents, after our departure from Geneva, of which we had not given them any previous notice.

generally of a quarter to half a mile in length: the plan of them seemed peculiar to Hungary, as we had not seen any village in Germany similar to them. It was our wish to continue travelling by night, but the people at the post-house at Hochstrass, in concert, probably, with the inn-keeper, contrived to persuade us that, on account of the badness of the roads, it would be dangerous. We were, perhaps, rather credulous, but considered that an accident might delay us longer than by passing the night there; indeed we had already found the road, which was on an elevated bank, on account of the flatness and lowness of the surrounding country, much injured by the inundations of the Danube. The beds were not enticing as to cleanliness, and we took our rest without the trouble of undressing.

The next day we passed by the town of Raab, which had been noted particularly during the campaign of 1809, between France and Austria: the post-house was without the town, and we could not indulge our curiosity so far as to stop to view the remaining fortifications. We continued our route along the right bank of the Danube, but out of sight of that river. Towards sun-set we passed through some extensive marshes, where a great quantity of very high and strong rushes grow, which the Hungarians make use of

for thatching their houses: we escaped, narrowly, remaining in the midst of these marshes; for, just as we arrived at the post-house, at Comorn, E——'s carriage broke down. This accident kept us above two hours at that place. We much regretted that it was nearly dark, as we should have had a good opportunity of seeing this celebrated fortress, which lies on the left bank of the Danube. E—— did not understand the German language, and depended upon us for attending to the repair of his carriage, which we took care to hurry as much as possible. Having travelled by night, we arrived at Bude in the afternoon of the 21st of December.

In the evening, we all went to the theatre, which is in the upper part of the town, near the palace occupied by the Archduke Palatine. E—— and the Turk could only enjoy the sight; but our knowledge of German was sufficient to enable us to understand something of the performance, which was, indeed, execrable; there was only one actress worth seeing and hearing. The novelty of being in a German theatre, however, entertained us, particularly as we felt ourselves tolerably free from the apprehension of danger. E——'s carriage requiring more serious repair, we remained, during the next day, at Bude: we began it by going to some natural warm baths,

and paid for three persons, including a trifle to the waiter, six florins, in paper money; and, for coach-hire to and fro, for a distance of nearly a mile, two florins *. In the course of the day, we crossed over the Danube, in a ferry boat, to Pest, where we bought two comfortable jackets, made of the skin of a wild goat of Astracan, warm gloves of a similar skin, fur caps, and red Hungarian boots.

On Sunday morning we set out again, and got on very slowly, on account of the badness of the roads, which rendered it impossible for us to travel any more by night; we, therefore, stopped at Pentely. The next day, E—— and the Turk were overturned into a ditch, by the carelessness of the post-boy: fortunately there was no serious damage, and we were able to proceed, though slowly, and under continual apprehension of further accidents from the wretched state of the roads. We passed the night at Sechsard, and the following at Sechsee, about five and twenty miles from the former place. We could not now proceed any further without four horses to each carriage, and, even then, could only get on at a

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* A paper florin was worth about threepence sterling, at that time.

walking pace. At Mohatsch we fell in with a cunning innkeeper, who took advantage of the bad weather, and contrived to persuade us that no horses could be got, but that some were soon expected in: three hours passed, however, without any horses appearing, and it was then too late to think of going on that day, as we could not reach another village before night; so that the innkeeper gained his point, in keeping us till the next morning, and we had not advanced that day so much as twelve miles; however, we were not finally sorry for that stoppage, as the rain had not ceased falling during the whole day, and we had but just time, during the following, to arrive, before dark, at Herzogzöllish, a distance of less than twenty miles. We had not proceeded one quarter of a mile, the following morning, when E——'s old worn-out carriage broke down again; one of the wheels went all to pieces in dragging through the mud, which was so thick and deep, that our small wheels had the appearance of a solid mass. One of us mounted a horse, and returned to the inn (it would have been vain for E—— to go, he being disqualified by his ignorance of the German language, and by his helpless inactive temper), and bargained for the exchange of E——'s carriage against a four-wheeled cart, with a covering similar to those of our

waggons in England, but much slighter. The baggage of E—— and the Turk was transferred into this vehicle, and, after a loss of much time, we started again, and got safe to Esseg just at dark, and in time to pass through the town before the gates of the fortifications were shut: we were lodged at an inn, in a suburb, and were much displeased with our accommodation; but our subsequent progress soon taught us to be more easily satisfied.

We passed the whole of the twenty-ninth of December at this place, from whence we wrote home. During the day, we sent for a coach-maker, that he might find a buyer for our carriage. He brought with him an Hungarian Baron, to whom we offered the carriage for half the price it had cost us, though it was as good as when we bought it, and had only been in our use ten days. This cunning Baron, pretending not to want the carriage, declined our proposal; he did not, however, let it slip through his fingers. The coach-maker returned, towards night, and purchased it, as for his own account, for one thousand florins, paper money; but it was, in fact, for the Baron, who had taken advantage of the impossibility of our making any further use of it, on account of the dreadful state of the roads, to get it for that trifling sum. The weather, during the whole day,

was so bad, that we could not go into the town.

The following day, we made arrangements with some country people, who were returning with their carts towards Diakovar, which was our road, to take us four and our luggage. We two stowed ourselves in one cart, on some hay, with our luggage. E—— and the Turk followed, in another. These carts were four-wheeled, extremely light and slight; they were, however, more calculated for the roads of that country than our postwagen. We got on tolerably well for a little time, going a cross country; the surface of the ground was frozen hard. Our driver had four good horses, and drove us well; but our bones and joints would have paid dearly for the rapidity of our progress, had we not been provided against the unmerciful joltings of our Sclavonian car by a sufficient supply of hay, which saved us from fractures and dislocations, and even enabled us to amuse ourselves with our whimsical irregularity of motion, while we lay under a covering of sticks and straw matting, that just sheltered us from the drizzling rain. Not so our fellow travellers; they were, in truth, but little disposed to laugh under such disasters; the art of encountering difficulties and inconveniences with good humor, seemed to have been unknown

to both of them. Before half of our day's journey was over, we got into the high road, where we had several narrow escapes from being upset, or sticking fast in the mud. We, however, got safe into the village of Vuka, in the early part of the afternoon, and were obliged to stop there, as we could not possibly reach any further place of rest that day.

It had snowed all the night; and our drivers, in the morning, informed us of the impossibility of our proceeding in the carts, or, indeed, in any other way, that day; we were, therefore, reduced to the necessity of remaining patiently at Vuka, without being able to stir out of the house. The weather, fortunately for us, became sharper; the snow ceased, and it froze hard. Our conductors then procured two sledges, and, the following day, we two packed our luggage and ourselves upon one of them; E—— and the Turk travelled upon the other. During almost the whole day we were making our way through the famous woods of Sclavonia, avoiding the high road, which we should probably have found impassable, as the frost had not yet been of sufficient duration to harden it. Finding that we could not possibly reach our destination, Diakovar, before dark, we were glad to stop in the afternoon, after a very cold journey, at a Sclavo-

nian hut, in the little village of Tornava, on the borders of the woods. There was but one small room to spare; it was occupied by a jovial party, celebrating the anniversary of a marriage; this party was soon turned out to make room for us. Our hosts gave us some pork chops and slices of ham for supper, after which we prepared for passing the night: one of us occupied the bed, but its want of cleanliness not tempting him to get in it, he was satisfied with lying on it; the three others reposed themselves upon some hay, covered by their great coats. And this, forsooth, was the jovial and festive guise in which we hailed the entrance of the year 1811!! Yet, commencing as it did, in the midst of difficulty and privation, it was the most auspicious new year's day we had long ushered in, for its gloom was brightened with the prospect of home, and enlivened with the hope of restoration to all that was most dear to us in this world. These emotions, combined with joy for our escape from the gripe of our enemies, were our predominant feelings; varied, however, at times, with the amusing reflection that, while we were resting in a hovel in the woods of Sclavonia, our family were probably dreaming of us as still in exile at Geneva.

We continued our journey on the first of Janu-

ary, 1811. E—— and the Turk had been upset in their sledge once; our turn was to come, and it happened this morning: we got into a hole, which was concealed by the fresh snow that had fallen, and we came down rolling one over the other. We hollowed out to our companions, who were then before us, to stop them while we were repacking our luggage and ourselves on our sledge; though we laughed heartily at this trifling accident, our spleen was somewhat moved by the sullen, selfish inactivity of E——, who never stirred to offer us any assistance, or to inquire if we had received any hurt: but the moment of our revenge was at hand; in about half an hour, we had the inexpressible satisfaction of seeing our companions once more overturned; and our "lungs did crow like chanticleer," to see them rolling in the snow. At two o'clock, we reached Brod, which, for the present, was the limit of our travels in Christendom.

Our wish was to have proceeded as quick as possible, but we were thwarted by the conduct of our companion E——, who, on arriving at that place, found that he should not be able to leave it before a fortnight, at soonest. This could not suit us; we claimed a right to take the Turk on with us, on bearing the whole expence of his pay and journey. E—— insisted on keeping him, alledg-

ing that he could not do without him. This led to a misunderstanding; and E——, by increasing the pay promised to this man, kept him to himself. The next day, a German called on us, and, informing us of his destination, proposed that we should travel together. He had been a cavalry officer, and understood a little of the Bosnian language. This was a lucky rencounter, and we lost no time in making every necessary arrangement for our departure. The German officer, whom we shall now distinguish by the letter F——, was acquainted with some persons employed in office at that place, through whom we obtained an escort of Turks from the opposite banks of the river Saave, which divides the Austrian from the Turkish territories. We provided ourselves with powder and shot, and loaded our pistols, which we were unavoidably to carry always with us; we also purchased a pair of old saddle-bags, wherein we packed our baggage.

On Saturday, the fifth of January 1811, we prepared ourselves to quit Christian ground: this trial was the most severe we had yet encountered. We were not at all aware of the strong impression that such a change of scene would make on us. We, however, sallied forth with firmness, trusting in Divine protection. Our passport and luggage were examined at different

offices, where, by means of a little money, and with the assistance of a well-known inhabitant of the town, a friend of F——, we met with no difficulties. At the last office, which was near the place of our embarkation, on the river, we saw three fierce-looking Turks ; at least they appeared very fierce to us, for they were armed with their pistols, and a tremendous knife, about the length of an arm, which they call a *Yatagan* ; to which may be added their mustaches. We had let our mustaches grow, since we had been informed at Vienna of the necessity of appearing as formidable as possible; but, although this part of our appointments had not yet grown to any terrible appearance, we were well provided in the more essential particulars of swords and pistols.

The Austrian authorities desired us not to have any communication with the Turks, until they had taken leave of us. This intimation was not of a nature to give us great confidence in those who were to become our guards; and our hearts would probably have failed us at this severe trial, had it not been for the great object we had in view. We looked up, in our minds, to a superior Power for protection, and proceeded towards the river, accompanied by two Austrian authorities, E——, and his Turk. Our Turkish guard followed. The ground was covered with snow ; the clouds were

black, and it blew hard from the north-east; so that every thing tended to inspire gloomy ideas. It was just about the time of sunset that we took leave of our Christian brethren. E—— appeared much agitated at the scene, which probably contributed to make him give up afterwards following our steps. Our luggage was put into a small canoe, under the charge of one of our three Turks, by name Maho, and we stepped into a black barge, which had almost the appearance of a coffin, with Maho, our chief guide, to whom we were formally given over, and recommended by the Austrian officers, who, in their last words, warned us to be strongly on our guard, and never to look about us out of curiosity, but always to go straight forwards; and, if we should perceive any women, to pass by without taking notice of them, as that was a point of great religious importance amongst the Mahometans.

As soon as we had crossed the river, we followed Muyo to the village called Turkish Brod, where we were to pass the night. The two other men carried our baggage. We were particularly struck with its miserable appearance: instead of glass to the window frames, they had only paper. We were conducted to a wooden building, up a ladder, into a murky and miserable den, which they called a coffee-room: there were two divisions in it, each

of them about six feet square, separated by a rail of eighteen inches from the floors: one of these divisions was allotted to us; in the other were some Turks, sitting cross legged, according to their custom, around a brazier, on a bench raised about six inches from the floor. Many others came in afterwards, and during the rest of the evening; they all went out three times to their mosque, which was hard by, and from whence we distinctly heard their shoutings, which form part of their devotions. After each service they returned to the coffee room to smoke their pipes and drink coffee, which much more resembled chocolate, for they never strain it off, but take it just as it is, immediately that it is made; nor do they use sugar, of which they are entirely ignorant. This horrid place, with the ferocious looks of the Turks, each of which had his pistols and his yatagan in his girt, really looked like a den of thieves and assassins, and we had some difficulty in reconciling ourselves to the idea of lying down to sleep; however, they all left the room except two, one of which was the man who made and dealt out the coffee; they both stretched themselves on a bench, without pulling off any part of their clothing, but laying aside their pistols and yatagan: we then loosened our neckcloths, took off our boots, and laid our-

selves down on our blankets, having our great coats to cover us: we slept pretty well, notwithstanding the hardness of our beds, but found our bones rather bruised the next morning.

On Sunday the 6th, it was past ten o'clock before we set out on our journey; Maho, being a strict Mussulman, had not chosen to attend us before he had been to his devotions. Our little troop filed off thus: Maho on horseback, armed with his yatagan, and two pistols in his waistband, and his long gun slung over one shoulder. We two and our German fellow traveller followed him, but one after the other, as the road, or rather the path, would not admit of two abreast; two horses, with our luggage, which was, however, no more than enough to load one horse, with two other guides on foot, closed our march: our way was principally in a level country, and through woods which were difficult to penetrate, as we followed no particular track. The ground was still covered with snow: we alighted in the evening at a lonely hut, inhabited by Catholics, where we passed the night, lying on hay, with a good fire, round which we were sleeping: we were awakened once by the sleet dropping through the insecure roof; another time by a calf, which was pleased to take a leisure walk over us. We were not a little inconvenienced by the smoke,

as there was only a small aperture in the roof for a chimney.

On the 7th of January, the following day, we continued our pilgrimage, wrapped up in our large great coats to protect us from the snow that fell during the greater part of the day. We were again lodged at night in a Catholic countryman's hut, and had no better accommodations than the preceding night. The roads were so bad, that we could get on but very slowly. We met with nothing worth notice on the 8th, till we arrived at a small town called (as well as we could make out the name by their pronunciation) Pratzna, having a little fortification on a height to the westward. We were lodged for the night at a barbarous coffee house, very similar to that in which we had passed our first night, except that a shoemaker occupied half of the room, which part, however, he yielded to us, on being recompensed by Maho. After our fourth day's journey, we arrived at the little town of Jarmini; we had flattered ourselves with meeting with pretty good quarters here, but, on the contrary, we passed the night in a filthy room at a khan, or post-house, and had the pleasure of being surrounded by drivers of caravans, who kept the stove so heated all night that we could hardly endure it, particularly as there were

ten or a dozen persons lying in a room of about eighteen feet by ten. We were not a little pleased to get out of this abominable hole the following morning, and were partly recompensed by a pleasant day's journey over high mountains with fine weather, but were disappointed that the badness of the roads made it impossible to reach our destination of Traunik that day; we were therefore under the necessity of passing another night at a khan, which however was less bad than the preceding one.

On the 11th, however, about noon, we reached Traunik; its situation, and the approach to it for about a league from the north, are very picturesque, through hills and dales. Maho immediately inquired for the Austrian Consul's house, and there we alighted. After having shewn our papers, we were conducted to a post-house, where we got a room to ourselves; then refreshing ourselves with a partial change of dress, we sat down according to the custom of that country, with crossed legs, on a dirty cushion, which extended along one side of the room, to partake of a Turkish dinner, served up on a tin tray, which was placed on a sort of trivet about one foot above the floor: we had wooden spoons to eat our soup and rice with, but our fingers served as knife and fork; forks, indeed, are utterly unknown in this barbarous coun-

try, and even knives are but very little used; the fingers are therefore employed to tear the meat, and to convey it to the mouth. After this meal we received a message from the Austrian Consul to ask us to go and take coffee with him; we went there, and had not been with him long, before he left the room with our German companion; he soon returned, and seemed to look more fixedly at us than before: he observed to us, that, as we were Swiss, we should have our passport signed by the French Consul, who represented our nation. This we particularly wished to avoid; the fear of this injunction being renewed, determined us, therefore, to discover ourselves to this good man, whom we soon found to be a firm enemy to Buonaparte: he hardly knew how to express his satisfaction at the disclosure we made to him, and really seemed to enjoy the idea of our escape with all the warmth and sincerity of a near relation; his secretary, who shared his confidence, expressed likewise great interest for us. Our German companion was no less surprised than pleased to learn at this moment with whom he was travelling, for hitherto he had not the slightest suspicion that we were travelling in masquerade. The fear that the Austrian Consul might find some defect in our passports, which in fact were rather irregular, had prompted us to make ourselves known to him,

and we have no reason to repent of having so done. The Consul obtained from the Bashaw* the papers necessary for our future safety, and which all foreigners travelling in this country must have; he likewise made an agreement with an officer of Tatars for one of his men to escort us to Salonica. We thought ourselves very fortunate in having one allotted to us who had been in a Christian country, as we might naturally expect more kindness and attention from him than from another. The price for the journey was agreed upon at the Consul's house, and we were strongly recommended to the care of our Tatar. He was to provide us with food, lodging, and horses, and to conduct us in safety to the Austrian Consul at Salonica; it is the more necessary to have a careful and confidential man in travelling through that country, because Christians are held there in detestation, and their lives are more or less in danger from the inhabitants all through the country.

Everything being thus settled, we left the Consul

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* The Bashaw of Bosnia was a three-tailed Bashaw; his name was Ibrahim Alami; he had been Grand Vizier at the time of our successes in Egypt, and was partial to the English and Austrians; but the French Consul here had gained much influence over him, by intimidating him with the threat of an invasion of Bosnia by a considerable French force from Dalmatia.

and returned to our room. We should have wished to see a little of the town, but did not chuse to indulge our curiosity at the risk of our lives; indeed we learnt the next morning, that a young Austrian who was returning from Bosna Serai, and who had ventured to walk alone in the streets, had been attacked by an officer of the troops, who drew his yatagan, having taken this young man by the hair of his head, and said he would decapitate that French Christian: fortunately the young man could speak the Bosnian language, and having declared himself to be an Austrian, he escaped. The Turkish officer was, it is true, rather intoxicated. In the evening we had a visit from our Tatar, who appeared to us to be a middle-aged and a trusty man.

Our German companion having learnt who we were, was glad to express his joy at the disclosure we had made to the Austrian Consul, and, on his part, related to us the singular circumstances which had led him to undertake his journey; he had told us, on our first acquaintance, that he was an Austrian officer out of service, and wished to get employment either from our Government or in Spain; but his real story was, that he had been some time in the Dutch service. In the year 1810, at the time that Holland was united to France, the Dutch army was drafted in sundry

French regiments; he was in the cavalry, and in Nov. 1810, when he received orders from his Colonel to prepare to march with a detachment into Spain, he remonstrated upon this order, observing that it was the junior lieutenant who was to go, and not himself, but the colonel insisted otherwise: (the fact is, that in such cases they select all troops and officers who are not real born Frenchmen in preference, as was the case here.) Upon this the Lieutenant called out his Colonel (which is allowed in the French army), and killed him in a duel; after which he immediately escaped from ————, where his regiment was quartered, betook himself into Hungary, and from thence into Sclavonia, where he discovered himself to some persons who had shewn him great kindness when a prisoner there, during the last Austrian campaign. He had obtained proper papers to enable him to proceed to Turkey, and was only waiting for an opportunity to do so, when he made acquaintance with us at Brod: though he proved afterwards to be what we term a complete blackguard, yet we cannot regret having met with him, as he understood a little of the Bosnian language, having been formerly in the Austrian service, and quartered in Poland, where he learned to explain himself in the Polish tongue, which resembles that of Bosnia very much; in this

respect he was of some use to us, but a most disagreeable companion, whom we were glad to get rid of. It was not, however, our interest to separate here; indeed, being more fully acquainted with his pecuniary resources, which were very inadequate to enable him to proceed without assistance, we would not therefore abandon him in such a country, where he was bereft of all means of succour, so that we made up our minds to pursue our journey with him.

The next morning we were prevented setting off as early as we wished, our firmin, or passport, not having been signed by the Bashaw: about noon, however, it was ready, but another misfortune attended us. The Tatar who was to have accompanied us disagreed with his officer, and, being dissatisfied with the sum he was to have received, he refused to go with us: in consequence of this dispute another Tatar was sent to accompany us; this man's name was Osman, and with him we set out in the afternoon, having taken leave of our Christian brothers.

We were pleased to find that we got on somewhat quicker than we had done before, as we were to change horses occasionally, whereas from Brod to Traunik we had travelled for five days and a half with the same steeds. We had a pleasant journey till dark, when our pace was considerably slack-

ened, as we proceeded through the woods, and could scarcely distinguish the horse that preceded us. We were obliged throughout this country to follow each other, principally on account of the narrowness of the paths, but even when they were broad enough to admit of two abreast; yet, such is the habit of following in a string, that our Tatar would not allow us to do otherwise.

We slept that night at a khan at Bassovatz, and on our arrival we entered a large stable, in the middle of which was a sort of circular platform, raised about one foot from the ground, and railed round; upon it were perhaps a dozen men, sitting, according to their custom, cross legged, round a good fire, and smoking. The appearance of this company was really terrifying, and in all respects similar to the murderous-looking group we have described before. We thought ourselves very fortunate in being sent up stairs, where Osman had engaged a little room for us, so that we were that night pretty well provided for.

The next morning we continued our journey with the same horses, the post-boy leading the way and conducting our baggage horse; Osman followed, and we were last in the procession: about noon we alighted at a post house, at Jaoutz, intending to change horses and proceed without

delay; but to our great disappointment were informed, that out of twenty horses which were in the stable, not more than one or two were fit for service, and we had the mortification of passing a fine day in this miserable habitation: we however made a good meal on honey, rice, and bread, besides a hodgepodge made of exceedingly hard meat, which nevertheless we contrived to swallow. We were at a sad loss for employment the rest of the day, not daring to exhibit the contents of our bags to get a book, on account of the prying curiosity of these Bosnians, whose ignorance is so great that they wish to examine every thing they see, however trifling: a refusal to comply with their request would probably be followed by a cool discharge of their pistol, which they would not scruple to make use of upon such an occasion: it is equally considered an insult to refuse accepting what is offered to you, and you are under the necessity of smoking a pipe that has been lighted in the mouth of one of these courtly personages! To avoid this as much as possible, we had provided ourselves with pipes and tobacco; and though neither of us liked this amusement, yet we thought it most prudent to submit to this custom, by lighting our own pipes. In the afternoon one of the post-boys entertained the company by playing on a small mandoline, an instrument

with three wire strings, on which he accompanied his own singing: to our musical ears this was quite distracting, though we got accustomed to that as well as to many other inconveniences.

At four o'clock on the following morning, Sunday, the 13th of January, we left this place; it was cold, foggy, and of course quite dark, and the roads in some parts very bad: we passed over some high mountains, and at about sunset came within sight of Bosna Serai, which appeared to be a very large town; it is the residence of a three-tailed Bashaw: the number of inhabitants we suppose is great, in proportion to the size of the town; its situation is very picturesque, at the foot of high hills, which border it on the north, east, and south, built on a rising ground, and looking on an extensive plain to the west. The inhabitants are ferocious Turks: in passing through the suburbs we were greeted by the boys with bits of dirt and a few stones, which happily did not touch us; and had it been otherwise, we must have suffered in silence, through fear of worse consequences. As we were standing out on a gallery at the post-house, a boy unarmed, probably on account of his great youth, gesticulated with his hand, as if he was drawing a pistol and firing it at us: this instance, in a little boy, shews what enmity the Turks bear to Christians; and in this

respect we were never quite secure from danger of our lives as long as we were in that part of Turkey, and we could never trust ourselves out of the sight of our Tatar.

The well-known seclusion of the Turkish women of course deprives travellers of having a sight of them; not but they would willingly shew themselves, were it not for apprehensions of the fatal consequences that would inevitably ensue, if their husbands should discover that any other man had seen their features only. It happened that one of us was gratified by the sight of a young Turkish female, who opened a lattice immediately opposite the gallery on which he was standing at that moment. She appeared to be very pretty, and of a clear, rosy complexion: her dress was very similar to our ladies' morning costume, being made close up to the throat, but of various colours. She closed the lattice almost as quickly as she had opened it, so that he obtained only a glimpse of her; and perhaps it was fortunate that she did so, for had any Turk passed by at the time, or entered the gallery from the adjoining room, which were our quarters, it might have been a dearly paid sight. The accommodation we had was very bad, and we passed but an indifferent night.

The following day we set out about nine o'clock,

and were again aimed at by the little boys with stones. We had a beautiful day, and pleasant road; and passed that night at Prachia.

On the 16th we journied on miserable roads, and over steep mountains, but the weather continued fine. We were unfortunate as to lodging this day: the post-house at Chianitza afforded us but a cold and comfortless room.

Our next day's journey began by passing over very high mountains covered with evergreens; the snow was frozen quite hard, and so slippery, that our horses moved on but slowly,—indeed it was with difficulty they could keep on their legs. The latter part of the way was over little hills: we arrived after dark in pretty good quarters, and the people appeared less wild than those we had already met with.

From Talischia to Prepol the journey was very short, since we arrived at the latter place at about one o'clock. We were sadly vexed at losing a very fine evening at a miserable khan, but were still more irritated to find that Osman gave himself very little trouble to provide us with food. We had tasted nothing this day but a bit of bread, the remains of our supper the preceding night: our German companion explained the cause of his conduct, by informing us, that he had overheard some of his fellow Tatars, whom we met at

Bosna Serai, telling Osman that he would gain nothing by the journey by us, with the sum we gave him; and this determined him to keep us as much as possible in a state of starvation. Osman made an arrangement at this place for horses to last us a certain number of days; probably, because it was a better bargain for him than to continue with post horses; but the consequence was that we proceeded more slowly. An armed man accompanied us as far as we were to go with these steeds, and this additional guard was certainly of some use, for we occasionally met some very ill-looking fellows, and were told that it frequently happened that travellers were robbed in that part of the country.

The next day we followed a caravan of about thirty horses and twenty men, for a great part of the day's journey: at four o'clock, after having travelled thus far without meeting with any habitation, we arrived at an isolated hut. During the whole day we had only eat a lean fowl, which we had purchased ourselves at Prepol, with a pound loaf of bread for each; this scanty provision we yet shared with our shameful Tatar, who had not provided any food for us, as he ought to have done. We paid two Turkish piastres (about the value of two shillings) for a little milk, which our German companion

procured for us; and with half a pound of bread which we had remaining, and some chocolate we purchased at Vienna, we made a tolerable mess; very carefully reserving the rest of our chocolate in case of a similar emergency. We passed a miserable night in this wretched hut, which was filled with the smoke of the fire burning all night in the centre, and round which there was scarcely space sufficient for us to lie down.

We rejoiced at the idea of departing from this spot the next morning, though we had nothing by way of breakfast but a little bit of chocolate each. This day, Sunday, the 20th of January, we rode for seven hours successively over high hills, the wind blowing keenly from the north, without meeting with any other habitation than a robber's hut, which we passed unmolested, probably on account of our being well armed: early in the afternoon we stopped at a village, but expressed our discontent at so doing, with a prospect of nearly four hours more daylight, the weather being very fine. A circumstance occurred here which gave us serious alarm: there was a numerous assemblage of dogs on the spot, of which one of the largest annoyed our horses, by darting and snapping at their legs most ferociously. Herman drew his pistol, and shewed it to one

large dog, with the intention of intimidating him; at the same moment, an old man to whom Osman was speaking called aloud to his neighbours, who instantly rushed out to the number of five or six, all armed with their long guns, similar to those used in England for wild duck shooting. Our Tatar appeared to be somewhat alarmed, and desired us to pursue our journey, which we did in quick time, whilst he continued in conversation with the old man: our German companion interpreted the man's exclamation, which was to this purpose, "Fetch hither my gun, that I may bring down that Christian hound from his horse!"

We still had five hours ride to reach our destination for the night, consequently we journied some distance in the dark, and Osman had a bad fall with his horse into a pond: he, however, escaped without any other misfortune than that of being completely soaked: this disaster was more distressing to us than to him, as the necessity of drying his clothes detained him and us at Jeneposar the whole of the next day; a delay the more vexatious, as the weather was beautiful. We had a great desire to see this town, and the environs, which had been attacked about two years before by Czerni Georges, with his Servians; he burnt down a considerable part of the town, and massacred a great number

of the inhabitants, who, in commemoration of the event, had stuck up on the ruined walls of the houses which had been burnt, the heads of all the Servians they had killed. We got but a miserable supper here; but, having fasted the whole day, any sort of food was acceptable.

Monday, the 21st, on which day we remained stationary, at mid-day, we got a tolerably good meal. We would here remark, once for all, that, although the accuracy with which our good and bad fare is recorded in this journal, may occasionally appear almost laughable to those who are strangers to the want of a meal, yet we have thought it advisable to preserve rather a detailed account of these vicissitudes. Scanty and unwholesome diet is an evil of no ordinary magnitude, when continued for any length of time. It formed a great part of our sufferings during our progress through the Turkish dominions; sufferings of which no distinct notion could be formed from a vague and general statement, that we were frequently exposed to the extremes of hunger and thirst. Besides, the perpetual recurrence of this species of inconvenience conveys, perhaps, the best possible idea of the dishonesty of our guide, and of the hideous barbarism of much of the territory we passed through.

On the 22d we travelled over mountains, principally covered with oaks and bushes: during the

whole day we met with no other habitation than a robber's hut, out of which issued four men, well armed, who accompanied us a short distance, but withdrew when Osman gave them about thirty piastres. At three o'clock we alighted at Baniska, situate in a valley; here we were lodged in a new room, but were served with churlish and unwilling attendance: at one time we were almost alarmed by the behaviour of our landlord, who, having seen one of us take out a new pair of socks, took one, and put it on his own naked foot, and found it so comfortable, that he wanted the other, which we did not chuse to resign, as it was really a necessary article for travelling in that cold season. Fortunately it was recovered for us by Osman, an exertion which his ordinary habits of sullen inattention did not encourage us to expect from him; and, besides, such is the mixture of curiosity and rapacity in these barbarians, that the commonest article of convenience is not always safe from their exactions.

We rejoiced to turn our backs on these uncivilized, inhospitable people: before one o'clock on the 23d, we stopped, after a very pleasant journey over hills, and a fine though uncultivated and uninhabited country, at a village called Vocheterine. We expected to have continued our journey, but Osman compelled us to stop,

and would have left us to pass the rest of the day and the night under a large shed, which served as a stable for the horses of the caravans that pass through: our German companion, however, by speaking to a man who appeared to be viewing us out of curiosity, obtained a lodging for us in a barber's shop, and afterwards procured us a tolerable meal, which we were under the necessity of paying for out of our own pockets, as well as for our accommodations. Osman, at first, refused to enter the shop; but, as it would have been unsafe for us to trust ourselves without him, we condescended to coax him into a better humour, and, at length, prevailed upon him to follow us.

After our meal, we had the satisfaction of seeing a man shaved, which is a greater curiosity than in England, for he was shaved all over his head, with the exception of a small lock of hair left on the crown of the head, and the moustaches. Our German companion set us the example, and we all mustered courage enough to entrust our throats to our host the barber, who certainly performed his task in a very superior manner, and we all agreed that we never before had been so well shaved; at the same time we rejoiced that the job was over, for our feelings were not a little agitated during the operation. The following day we were

again disappointed, by halting, at one o'clock, at the town of Pristina, after a fine ride over a level country, though the day was cloudy, and the wind blowing from the north-east. We crossed the plain where, it is said, is the tomb of Amurat.

At Pristina we were put into a small cold room, to pass the evening and the night; pleased, however, to hear that we were to have fresh steeds, and henceforth to travel with post-horses: this alteration gave us hopes that we should proceed more speedily, for we had only advanced at a walking pace since we left Priepol, where Osman had provided horses from the 19th till the 24th inclusively.

The next day, however, we got on better, and bade defiance to the bleak north-east wind which desperately assaulted our faces and ears. At about three o'clock we arrived at Guilan, and were not a little surprised at being lodged at the Bashaw's house, one part of which was let to a man who accommodates travellers. We were introduced into a spacious room, in which was a tolerably good carpet: and in the evening we sat down (as usual cross-legged, on the ground) with about a dozen others, to supper, which was serv d up on a large tin waiter, elevated about a foot from the ground: the dishes appeared one by one, and were sent, we imagined, from the Bashaw's table,

there being a piece cut out of each. Our meal consisted of a soup, some rice, a joint of boiled mutton or kid, from which every one tore a piece as he could with his fingers, and a very nice large flat cake covered with sweetmeat.

The following morning the ground was covered with snow, which continued to fall: we had deviated the preceding day from the usual road, and inclined towards the east, in order to avoid Katschianitz and Scopia, which are reputed to be infested with bands of robbers. We met with a few ill-looking ruffians, but Osman had been advised to take a guard with him, and accordingly we had two men, well armed, to accompany us as far as Urania, and who kept at a little distance behind us: notwithstanding this precaution, in the afternoon, as we were passing the foot of some hills, a ball was heard whizzing over our heads.

We arrived at Urania after nine hours ride, and were put into an abominable hole at the post-house: though there was a chimney, it proved to be of very little use, for, in attempting to light a fire, we were smothered with smoke; and the wind penetrated on all sides, the roof being partly broken in, and the windows letting in a sufficient quantity of air, being scarcely half covered with paper, the substitute in that

country for glass, which is yet unknown in those dominions.

Osman met here with two other Tatars, who were in an adjoining room, rather less miserable than ours; he went in to sup with them, regardless of our fate: it was very late before he sent us any thing to eat, though we had been deprived of food the whole day; at length a disgusting mess of stinking hard goat's-flesh boiled in water, with a little salt, appeared: we made complaints, and begged to have something that could be eaten; but we received for answer, that there was nothing else to be had; some time, after, however, he sent us a dish of boiled rice, but we had then supped on bread and sour wine. Osman remained drinking with his comrades, and we supposed he would sleep in the same room with them; but, about midnight, he awoke us by making a tremendous noise at our door, which we had fastened; he entered in a surly humour, and laid himself down to sleep. About two hours after, we awoke; and found the straw on which he was lying in flames: with a pitcher of water, which was happily in our room, we soon extinguished them, and felt thankful for the escape, which was, indeed, a narrow one; as, in a few minutes more, we must have been smothered. The next morning

we breakfasted on the rice that had been sent us the preceding night, with some raisins, a little wine, and sugar, all of which we warmed up in a mess; but we were sadly disappointed at finding ourselves compelled to pass the whole of the day, Sunday, in this execrable hovel, for want of horses: this repeated delay was intolerable, not only from the weather being remarkably fine, but also on account of our not daring to venture out fifty yards distance.

On the 26th we again started, and for the first three hours retraced our steps over the plain of Urania, which we had crossed on the Saturday evening, but inclined more towards the south, till we came in view of mountains, over which we passed, and then crossed another extensive, but much more cultivated plain, than in any part of Bosnia, of which we were then taking leave, to enter into Macedonia. The climate now appeared somewhat milder, and the inhabitants less ferocious than the Bosnians, and not all furnished with such desperate arms as their neighbours. We were accompanied by another Tatar, called Nerula, who happened to be travelling part of our road. We stopped at about noon, and had some dried goats' flesh to eat, almost as tough as leather—so tough, in short, that none but half-famished wretches

like ourselves could have found teeth or stomach for it. We exposed it to fire and smoke for some time, and, by this *exquisite* cooking, managed to get it into something like a fit condition to be swallowed.

About sunset we arrived at Comonova, and did not think ourselves badly lodged for the night in a stable, being provided with hay to lie upon; we were, indeed, a little alarmed in the night by some horses which had got loose from their halters, but no further accident happened. We rose the next morning unhurt, and pursued our journey, January 29, over mountains, in spite of a thick fog. The afternoon proved fine, and we crossed an extensive plain, where we descried numerous flocks of sheep and a great variety of birds, chiefly wild ducks, geese, and storks. We proceeded by moonlight to the post-house at Islip, where our quarters were very bad, and our supper worse; but we consoled ourselves with the idea that we were drawing near to our destination of Salonica, and thus supported many inconveniences without murmuring.

On the 30th our journey was, as on the former day, over hills in the morning, with the same dismal weather, and in the evening over an even country with a clear sky. Having changed horses

at Radovitz, we proceeded to Ustrungia, where we were better accommodated.

The next day we travelled over much hill and dale, the weather being very fine and warm; and stopped at Doiran, about one o'clock, to change horses. The situation of this little town struck us as resembling many parts of Savoy; it is situate on a very pretty little lake, which was covered with wild ducks and other birds: amongst the rushes on its borders we saw several storks, or birds very much resembling them, being perfectly white, with red legs and beak; on the opposite side, the lake was bounded by mountains. Osman leaving us again destitute of food, we purchased some small fish, which we fried and ate with bread.

From Urania our rate of travelling had greatly improved, for which we were indebted to the Tatar Nerula. This afternoon we advanced more rapidly than ever, having good horses; but although we trotted on briskly and without intermission, the night overtook us an hour before we reached the next post-house at Heulkeusch: here we were compelled to put up with a miserable room at a taylor's, and to submit to a fresh trial of our temper, on observing, through a chasm in the wooden partition, that Osman was feeding on

a large mess of meat and vegetables, after assuring us there was no food whatsoever to be procured. We had, fortunately, provided ourselves at Doiran with some bread and four eggs, which we boiled hard; they furnished us with a seasonable supper, as, during the whole of this day, Osman had not actually provided us with any thing, although it was his charge and duty to find provisions for us as well as horses; but, as we have before observed, knowing that we were drawing to the close of our journey, we suffered in silence.

On the 1st of February we again started most joyfully: the old Tatar Nerula parted from us to take a different road; and the behaviour of Osman became henceforth very unruly: he stopped at every habitation we passed to drink raki, a liquor distilled from corn: this was his amusement three or four times in the day. When we came within a few miles of Salonica, he made us gallop like madmen; once, indeed, our poor baggage horse, in full gallop, tripped, and fell completely head over heels; the baggage only saved its life. On another occasion, this drunken Mussulman, while galloping at a furious rate, fired one of his pistols at a barking dog, and the other he discharged in the air, which fortunately missed us, though he was close behind us at the time:—at length we came within sight of Salonica.

No one who has not endured hardships and anxieties like ours, can form a conception of the feelings with which we viewed, from the summit of a commanding hill, the gulph and town of Salonica, and the vessels in its harbour, in one of which we hoped to embark on our way to England. For several weeks we had been pursuing a slow and melancholy journey over a barbarous country, constantly exposed to the extremities of weariness and hunger, in a state of perpetual alarm from the ferocity of the natives, and the treachery, or at least the churlishness, of our guide; and, consequently, very doubtful whether we should ever be permitted to revisit our native country, and the objects of our tenderest attachment. What, then, were our transport and gratitude on seeing before us the town which would, probably, be the termination of our most serious dangers and difficulties, and from whence we hoped to proceed with little delay to the shores of Britain! Nothing, surely, but the sensations of a mariner escaped from shipwreck could equal our joy on our deliverance from the wilds and the savages of Bosnia, our restoration to civilized life, and to the hope of once more beholding all that was dear to us on earth!

Between three and four o'clock we alighted at the Austrian Consul's, to whom we were re-

commended as a merchant and his secretary going to Smyrna to purchase cottons: we were very well received by him, and he got us a lodging at his secretary's, where we were conducted, and had the felicity of sitting again on chairs at a table covered with a cloth, and plates, knives and forks, articles which we had not beheld for the last month. We made an excellent dinner on some cold fish and an omelet, and found every thing delicious: two beds were made up for us, by placing a few planks upon trevets, about one foot from the floor; these were each covered with mattresses, sufficiently worn for us to feel the planks through them, a pair of sheets, and a cotton counterpane. These beds, which any of our servants at home would have scorned, were to us as great a comfort as the most sumptuous couch could be to those who have never travelled out of Christendom. It is impossible to express our feelings in getting into a bed, after having passed two-and-twenty nights without taking off our clothes: our happiness in every respect was such, that we could fancy ourselves in a terrestrial paradise; and what added considerably to such blessings was, that we had, during the whole course of our terrible journey through Bosnia, enjoyed excellent health, in spite of our multiplied hardships and privations.

We had twice met with caravans of camels within a few days of Salonica, and had remarked a number and great variety of birds, particularly wild geese. The country here abounds with buffaloes, which are used instead of horses for all slow work.

During our stay at Salonica, we had a delicate game to play. Our German companion immediately discovered himself, and all the extraordinary circumstances which had brought him thus far, to the Austrian Consul. We two retained our adopted names and qualities, except that Herman assumed the character of secretary instead of valet; the other styled himself a merchant travelling for mercantile objects, especially for the purchase of Smyrna cottons.

The Austrian Consul, who, as we afterwards learnt, had a good stock of that merchandize, was very attentive to him, and sent his broker to give him an account of the cotton market. The son of the Austrian Consul paid us frequent visits; but we could not undeceive him without wholly discovering ourselves, which did not suit our purpose.

The day after our arrival, under pretence that we wished to go as far as Malta, and that it would be necessary to be furnished with proper passports, we called on the English Consul, Mr. Charnaud,

informed him who we really were, and told him every thing concerning our escape: he was of opinion, that, as we had not announced ourselves as Englishmen on our arrival, it would be advisable not to discover ourselves; we accordingly kept at a proper distance when we met him, but paid him occasional visits.

When we left Brod, in Sclavonia, we were told that a party of six Germans, with their servants, who had been officers in the Austrian service, had preceded us about a week; and very shortly after our arrival at Salonica, we learnt that one of these travellers was the Archduke Francis, accompanied by Counts Saleburg, Latour, and Fichelmont. We dined in company with two of the party at Mr. Charnaud's, and soon after were invited to dinner at the Austrian Consul's, where the Prince and his Chamberlains dined every day. We were by this time suspected to be English; the visits of the Austrian Consul's son became much less frequent, and the conversations on commercial transactions were dropped. Prince Francis, whom we had met several times, sent Counts Latour and Fichelmont to call upon us, and to present us with an invitation to a ball and supper which he gave, at his lodgings, to the Austrian Consul's family. We returned the visit, and delayed our departure one day in consequence of this invi-

tation. We were remarkably well received, and far from being treated like a travelling merchant and his secretary; indeed, there is no doubt but that we were considered by this party as Englishmen, and not improbably as having been entrusted with some secret mission to Germany.

Our German companion had embarked for Constantinople about a week after our arrival at Salonica, and most gladly did we part with him, for he was an expensive as well as disagreeable appendage to us: we had been obliged to pay for his journey from Trawnik, and also to defray the expences of the week he remained at Salonica.

Our intention was to have waited for a passage to Smyrna, as we understood that opportunities occasionally offered themselves for a conveyance thither, and that we should find no difficulty in proceeding from thence to Malta: a fortnight, however, had passed without the arrival of any vessel bound for Smyrna, and a person who had lately come from Malta suggested the idea of pursuing our journey by land to Athens, from thence to Patrasso, and to the island of Zante, where we might expect to meet with an opportunity of sailing as far as Malta. After due consideration, we determined to adopt that plan, and made preparations accordingly. The first point

was to seek for an interpreter: the man who waited upon us at Salonica spoke French, Italian, Greek, and a little Turkish; but his demands were so exorbitant, that we could not think of engaging with him; he asked as much as five or six hundred piastres for accompanying us to Athens. We fortunately met with another man, by name Matteo, with whom we agreed on much more moderate terms, and who answered all our purposes, probably better than the other would have done. He was a Greek, a native of the island of Tino, and could speak broken Italian sufficiently well for us to understand him.

Salonica is about six English miles in circumference, surrounded by a slight wall, and flanked with small towers: these fortifications are merely sufficient to defend the place from a surprise: it is situated on a rising ground, and one side of the town extends to the sea, which forms a bay. The town is governed by a Bey; the present governor is son to the Bey of Xeres, and both father and son have contrived to make themselves independent of the governor at Constantinople. We one day, under the protection of a Janissary from the Austrian Consul's, who however could not prevent our being pelted with stones by the young Turks, took a walk about the town to see some of its curiosities: the most worthy of re-

mark is a triumphal arch, built with brick, encrusted with marble, on which the triumph is executed in *basso relievo :* it is said to have been erected in honor of a victory gained by Marcus Aurelius over the barbarians. The fine church of St. Demetrius is now made use of as a mosque ; it is a large building, adorned with elegant marbles, and many columns, two of which, of red porphyry, are much esteemed : it has a cell, in which a lamp is continually kept burning, and hangs over the place where the martyr St. Demetrius was killed. The Turks, it is said, keep the lamp burning, that the Saint may remain in a state of tranquility. St. Sophia is exactly similar to the mosque of the same name at Constantinople. We entered, and saw some Turks at their devotions. The name of Salonica is an abbreviation of Thessalonica, which was given to this place instead of that of Halis, in commemoration of a victory gained over the Thessalians by Philip of Macedon ; it is also noted for having been visited by St. Paul. The streets, which are very narrow, were formerly paved, but, since the time of the Venetians, the pavement has never been mended : there are some remains of a broken footpath, barely wide enough for one person to pass. If a Frank* meets a Janissary,

* The Turks call all Christians, with the exception of the Greeks, Franks.

or any Turk, the former must give way, though at the risk of getting in the muddy street. A ludicrous proof of this happened to a little Italian doctor, who, in consideration of his very meagre and diminutive person, hoped to avoid a jump in the kennel; he stuck himself close to the wall, in order to leave room for a six-foot Janissary to pass him: the latter, highly indignant at such presumption, stopped short, looked contemptuously at the little doctor, seized him by the collar, and dropped him gravely in the mud. The Franks, in their turn, oblige all Greeks, Jews, and Albanians, to yield the pavement to them.

The houses are badly built; the first stories project beyond the ground floor, and are so slight, that they are very insecure in a high wind. The parts of the town that are inhabited by Jews are lined with miserable shops and huts, the roofs of which are covered with old rotten rush matting, which gives them a more wretched appearance than the poorest village in England. The Turks inhabit the upper part of the town, where the houses are better, and have the advantage of gardens: the Jews dwell in the middle; and the lower part is occupied by Jews and Franks, indiscriminately.

Salonica is now become a commercial place of

some importance, since political occurrences have so considerably impeded the trade formerly carried on in the Baltic. The Turks, being a very indolent people, take no share in any part of the trade, which is carried on by the Hebrews and Greeks, and now, in a great measure, by the Franks, who have formed establishments there. The Jews are employed by the Franks in the warehouses: they are deficient in every thing but the art of pilfering, in which they are so incredibly expert, that it is quite impossible to detect them. A young man who was overlooking a set of Jews employed in packing cotton, and who was determined not to be defrauded, followed every motion with the strictest vigilance: one of them, observing this, said to him, "Your trouble is all in vain; we shall rob you equally:" the overseer dared him to it, and even betted a bottle of rum, or a good beating. At the close of the day, every man was searched, and nothing found upon them: the bettor was satisfied that he had won; when, to his utter astonishment, the Jew produced several jugs full of cotton, and then disclosed how they had succeeded in filling and emptying them without being discovered. They placed a jug, supposed to be full of water, near the place of packing, and, when they had made up a ball of cotton in their hands,

they dexterously lifted the jug to their mouth, and let the cotton drop in it. The jug being thus filled, one of them took it away under pretence of fetching more water, but, in fact, to empty it of the stolen goods, and replaced the vessel to be filled again.

Another mode they employ with uncommon dexterity is, to work with their feet, and fill their shoes with coffee or cotton whilst they pack with their hands; they go out on some pretence, and empty their shoes: this is repeated several times in the course of the day. The only remedy is to cane the culprits, which is practised in so inhuman a manner, that every christian must shudder at such a punishment. The slavery and degradation of the Jews in Turkey are infinitely worse than that of the negroes in the colonies: the Blacks have but one master, and one whip; the Jews find both in every Turk, Christian, or Greek; and these last, being exposed to the same treatment from Christians and Turks, revenge themselves with interest on the Jews. A request was once made to the Bey for permission to establish a sort of police to detect and punish the delinquents, but the idea was beyond his comprehension; he understood nothing more than the meaning of the words Jews, thieves, punishment; and replied, very coolly, "You are at liberty to kill them." This Bey is,

nevertheless, superior to the generality of his brethren; he is above the prejudices of his nation; has learnt French, in order to study the encyclopedia; has established a foundery for cannon, and has built a palace according to his own plans: he even proposed to the Franks to establish a quarantine, which is considered contrary to the Mahometan religion: he acknowledges the superiority of the Franks, who are more respected in this town than in any other part of Turkey. The house of a Frank here is considered as so sacred, that a culprit who takes refuge under the door-way is safe from the pursuit of the law. Although the Franks cannot approve of the principle, they are careful to maintain this privilege, by receiving the fugitive; for this reason, that a Christian must never give up to a Turk, who then esteems and fears him, but who becomes an insupportable tyrant to those who submit to him.

In the vicinity of this town we went to see the Dervishes in their convent, and witnessed some of the singularities of their worship, though, in consequence of the indisposition of their chief, we were disappointed of seeing their dances.

On the 15th of February, we took leave of the Austrian and English Consuls, and, having every thing in readiness, left Salonica in the afternoon under the guidance and protection of another

Tatar, concerning whom we had been very circumspect in our inquiries, after all we had suffered from the barbarism of the former one.

This man, by name Cujouk Sulimana, was employed by our Consul as courier, and from him we received every satisfactory recommendation : with this Tatar, and Matteo our interpreter, who also served us as cook, we departed, after a heavy rain, with a violent north wind, which almost blew us off our horses, insomuch that some deemed it madness in us to expose ourselves to such weather ; but our Consul, who was present at our departure, made a signal of approbation at seeing us so resolute and determined to pursue our journey. We rode on for about three hours, and stopped for the night at a khan, where we again laid ourselves down on the ground, as in Bosnia: the wind continued so boisterous the following day, that it was questioned how far it would be prudent to proceed, having three branches of a river to pass over in boats ; we set out, however, about noon, the wind having somewhat abated, and had a fine day's journey. We slept in a smoky little hovel at Kitros, but with the comfort of a little hay to lie upon.

On Sunday the 17th, after a ride of two hours, we arrived at Caterina ; but, not finding any horses, we were compelled to remain stationary the whole of the day. On quitting Salonica, we

assumed our real names, and travelled as Englishmen, with proper passports from our Consul, because, in Greece, Englishmen are respected and esteemed. Our Consul had furnished us with a letter of recommendation to Sali Bey, who resides in this place, and we entertained some hopes that he might possibly provide us with horses: in this, however, we were disappointed, though he received us exceedingly well, and treated us with a cup of coffee. Sali Bey was particularly struck with a pair of our pistols, which had spring bayonets: after our visit, he sent to propose an exchange with a pair of his; this we agreed to, in hopes of obtaining some service from him, and accordingly dispatched Matteo with the weapons: we received in exchange a pair of plain Turkish pistols from the Bey. Matteo, very wisely, had not neglected the opportunity of mentioning that, it being Sunday, we were at a loss for all provisions but bread: the Bey, gratified by our compliance with his wishes, immediately sent us three fowls, and a dozen and a half of eggs, from which the skill of Matteo provided us a luxurious dinner. We were consoled for our detention at this place, the day having turned out miserably bad.

The following morning, soon after we had started, four men made their appearance, following our

steps at full trot, which caused us a momentary alarm, as we had been told that it was not unusual to meet robbers in that part of the country, and we were then quite out of sight of the town. Our apprehensions soon subsided on the approach of these men, who informed us that they had orders from Sali Bey to escort us, and procure us a night's lodging free of expence: accordingly we stopped, about two o'clock, at Platina, a fortress on an elevated rock, which commanded a beautiful view of the surrounding country towards the west, and of the Gulf of Salonica towards the east. We were conducted to a miserable hut within the walls of this fortress, and, for our supper, they provided a dish of boiled rice, and a few small fishes; but these were so salted, that we could do no more than look at them, and thought ourselves very fortunate in having kept one of our fowls of the preceding day; which made, however, but a scanty meal for four hungry travellers. The country we had passed over was covered with snow, which still continued to fall.

The next day these four men again escorted us, till we arrived, after a three hours' ride, at a khan, where this guard of honour left us; not, however, till we had remunerated their services by paying about three times the sum we should have expended, had we been without their attendance; besides

which, we should have got on more expeditiously, and have met with better quarters and more abundant accommodation, so that we would gladly have dispensed with this burdensome and costly distinction. We did not stop long here, but continued our journey, crossing over the Peneus by the bridge of Lycostomo, at the foot of which is the khan where we had just stopped. Thus far we had had Mount Olympus to the right, and Mount Ossa to the left.

We now arrived at a narrow pass, following the course of the Peneus, which runs with rapidity between two lofty mountains, and thence entered into the Vale of Tempé, which is well known in ancient history. The scenery of this passage is beautiful, partly savage and abrupt, with the Peneus roaring between precipices; partly calm and serene; opening itself more extensively near the village of Baba, and leading afterwards to a wide open country. A Turk, with two servants, who had travelled in company with us from Catherina, stopped at Baba; we however proceeded, and had a lovely ride over a part of the extensive plain in which stands the town of Larissa, where we arrived at about sunset. Fortunately for us, there were no accommodations to be found at the khan, and our Tatar went to the Bey to obtain an order for some Greek to receive us; we were,

therefore, lodged in the house of a Greek, and were really not uncomfortably accommodated, in comparison to what we had been accustomed to: we here had each of us a mattress to sleep upon, and a quilt to cover us; so that we could at least relieve ourselves of part of our clothes.

The plains of Larissa consist partly of meadow and partly of arable land, besides some few vineyards; but few villages are to be seen, and the view is bounded by mountains.

The next day we were informed that no horses were to be got, and that we must pass the day here; a delay that gave us an opportunity of seeing something of the town. The only remarkable object we saw was at the post-house stables, in the centre of which still exist about a dozen considerable sized marble pillars. In our walk we saw the Bey on horseback, with several attendants, some mounted, but most of them on foot: as he passed by, he greeted us with "Welcome, strangers," in his language. A stone bridge over the Peneus, which runs through the town, is the only piece of architecture worth notice. Among the tombstones, we observed many fragments of marble with Greek inscriptions much effaced, and some bases of columns. Having heard that there was an Englishman here, we called upon him, and found him on the point of taking his departure: this was

a Mr. Graham, who was on his way to Salonica and Constantinople from Athens, where he had been some time for the purpose of exploring its antiquities. Our abode with our Greek host enabled us to enjoy the refreshment of changing part of our dress, a luxury quite impracticable in the Turkish khans, in which to exhibit any article of personal convenience, is to expose oneself to certain robbery; for the Mussulmen who are usually met with in these places seldom see any thing new or comfortable without a strong desire of possessing it; and in such cases their notions of property become wonderfully indistinct, especially where Christians are concerned.

It was about noon the next day before we could have any horses; we had, however, about six hours' ride before we could reach our next station. Our cattle, at last, arrived, but such miserable carrion carcases were surely never seen before!—to stand upright on their legs appeared to be the utmost effort they were capable of. However, as the weather was beautiful, and the roads not very bad, we were resolved to see whether we could make them go: the experiment answered far beyond our expectations for some time; but, before we got half way, our baggage horse stopped short, and its burden, though trifling, was divided be-

tween him and an auxiliary horse which we had with us, but quite as meagre and sorry a beast as any of his miserable colleagues. After a rest of half an hour, the horses having been permitted to graze, we mounted again, and it was with difficulty we could advance at all: at length, finding that the evening was drawing on, we were compelled to leave Matteo with the baggage and the postboy behind, to follow us as they could; whilst we proceeded over the lonely plain of Pharsalia, in order to arrive before dark at Tchiatalgia (formerly Pharsalia). We were not a little uneasy about the fate of our baggage, for two hours had elapsed since our arrival, and without tidings of Matteo. Our fears increased at the recollection of having, soon after we had parted from him, met with four men, well armed with long guns and pistols, whose appearance well justified our suspicions that they had taken possession of our luggage. In this sad state of suspence we were bewailing our ill fortune, when, to our unspeakable joy, we again beheld the poor remains of our retinue, but more distressed than surprised to learn that one of the horses, after having borne the burden for a short distance, dropped on the road, utterly incapable of proceeding another step; the other had, with the utmost difficulty, crawled on

till within a few yards of the khan, when he sunk down from excessive weakness and fatigue.

On the 22d, we were again under the mortifying necessity of spending the whole day in a dirty khan, for want of horses: it appeared to us a day of extraordinary length, the weather being so intolerably bad as to prevent our having even the gratification of seeing the town, for the snow ceased not to fall the whole day. In the course of the morning two Tatars arrived at the khan, one of whom was Nerula, the man who accompanied us in Macedonia: we were pleased at having an opportunity to thank him for his exertions in expediting our journey, at the time that we were under the guidance of the surly Osman; and, by way of shewing him a little attention in return, we desired Matteo to tell him that he and his companion should partake of our dinner. It is worthy of notice, that the Turks never express themselves in the least thankful for any kindness shewn them, but seem to regard it as their just due. Nerula appeared, on this occasion, to be quite as superior to the weakness of gratitude towards a Christian dog, as Mahomet himself could desire: we almost regretted having wasted our kindness on his unfeeling insolence. This town has a pretty appearance as you pass over the plain of Pharsalia: it is

built at the foot of a mountain, which protects it from the south wind, and towards the north the view is extensive; the western aspect commands the vast plain. We regretted the impossibility of walking out to explore it, but learnt that nothing was to be seen worth particular notice.

On the 23d, we rode for about ten hours over a succession of mountains, and about midway through a fertile valley: our next station was at Zeitun, called by the Turks Isdin, situate on the side of a hill at the entrance into a small vale. Within a few miles of our destination we passed a company of about twenty-five men, armed with guns, pistols, and swords: it was out of the question to think of avoiding them, being then in the defiles of the mountains, where there was but one path; and, having heard that travellers were often attacked and plundered in this part of the country, we all apprehended a similar fate. We passed this formidable company, however, unmolested; and, on our arrival at Zeitun, we learnt that they were gone out in search of a band of robbers who were said to be in the environs of those mountains, and who had lately committed great depredations in the neighbourhood. Here we had, once more, the comfort of being lodged with a Greek; but were dismally vexed the following morning (Sunday) to find that no horses were to be had. From

our window we observed, at a distance, a group of people dancing to the sounds of a bagpipe, celebrating some religious festival. In the course of the morning we walked out to a height, on which stood the ruins of a little fortress, which commands, towards the south, a view of the island of Negrepont, and towards the west of a pretty valley, opening upon the bay to the south east, and surrounded by mountains on the other sides. This was the spot where Xerxes' innumerable army was encamped prior to the attack of the pass of the Thermopylæ.

> " The plain beyond Thermopylæ is girt
> Half round by mountains, half by Neptune lav'd."

On the 25th, we proceeded on our journey over a part of this renowned plain :

> ——————— " Chief in fame,
> Spercheos, boasting once his poplars tall,
> Foams down a stony bed."

This torrent or river,* in consequence of the rain and snow that had fallen, was very high, and its stream very violent ; it even flowed out of its bed : we passed over it by a large arched bridge, and immediately sought for the spot on which

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* Galt, in his Travels, calls it the River Alamana.

Leonidas and his three hundred brave companions fell for their country's sake. The spot is now very different from what it is described to have been at that time: it is acknowledged that the sea has retired, leaving a large space of about two miles of marshy ground between it and the foot of the mountains which border this pass towards the west, so that the traveller will be baffled, unless, in imagination, he corrects the present appearance of the spot, by making due allowance for this change: there is, however, at the foot of a steep mountain, a narrow piece of road elevated a few feet above the marsh, and which it is easy to suppose may have been the identical pass.

The principal and most important character by which this place is to be recognised, is the warm spring from whence it takes its name, and of which some trace yet remains. We stopped here only a sufficient length of time to impress on our minds a distinct idea of this renowned spot. We observed a few buildings at a little distance, which we understood to be the Thermopylæ, but did not approach them. Shortly afterwards we noticed the remains of walls and some ruins; these we learnt had been destroyed by the sea, and had formerly been a village: a little farther, we stopped to refresh ourselves at the village of Mola.

At Salonica we had been advised to provide ourselves with an extra guard from Zeitun, and accordingly had dispatched Sulimana for that purpose to the Vaivode; we were pleased, however, to learn that such a precaution was by no means requisite for our safety. Thus far we had rode over an even country, having the bay of Zeitun to our left, and a ridge of mountains to our right, amongst which was Mount Æta: soon after we had left the village of Mola, we turned off to the right, and penetrated into these mountains, which we ascended for about two hours by a wild rugged path, and almost regretted not having an additional escort, as this spot seemed to be singularly calculated for deeds of darkness; indeed, we had been informed that it was an habitual haunt of robbers: we, however, were fortunate enough to escape them, and arrived at the summit of these heights in safety. We descended afterwards into an extensive plain of pasture land, and stopped at about sunset at the village of Turcocori, in the province of ancient Phocis, where we passed an uncomfortable night in a ruinous khan, for the wind and weather penetrated even to our beds, which consisted of hay.

On the 26th February we started early, and soon came to a river, perhaps the ancient Cephisus; it had no bridge: the only means were to ford it. It

happened that, on account of very heavy rains, it was higher than usual, and our horses nearly swam across: the current was very strong, and we were in fear at one moment of seeing Matteo carried off by it, for his horse made a dead stop in the middle of the stream; he, however, got safe on the other side, but not without wet boots and legs; the road lay over mountains destitute of trees, and the appearance of the country, in general, was barren.

At noon we arrived at Livadia, the capital of the district of that name, including the greatest part of Bœotia: for want of horses, we had to pass the rest of the day here, in the house of a Greek, who valued himself much on having accompanied the Marquis of Sligo in his travels through part of the country, not long before: he conducted us about the town, of which the situation is very picturesque: it is built on the declivity of a rock, which is divided by a chasm, from whence, in wet weather, a violent torrent discharges itself.

There are the remains of an old castle on the craggy extremity of an adjoining mountain, behind which rises the summit of Mount Parnassus: we were shewn the spot where there formerly existed the famous cave of Trophonius, which is stopped up: nothing now remains but a large recess hewn out of the rock, where, it is said,

the priests sat to deliver the answers of the Oracle. Some suppose it to have been subterraneous, as a few steps leading downwards have been discovered.

Lord Elgin had made excavations at this spot during the time of his embassy at Constantinople, in hopes of discovering some ancient statues or vases, but his endeavors proved fruitless.

We were shewn a natural reservoir which is usually filled by a spring, but, to the astonishment of the inhabitants, it had dried up about two months before: there was a rivulet of very limpid water close by, proceeding from a spring, which we tasted, and found it very much resembled the chalybeate waters.

On our road this morning, the 27th, we observed several ruinous remains of antiquities, such as detached fragments of old walls and aqueducts. As we passed over the plain near Thebes, some boys came running across the ploughed land with their hands full of jonquils, which we purchased for a few parahs.

The old story of the impossibility of procuring horses prevented our proceeding further that day, although we had reached Thebes before two o'clock. The frequent recurrence of this difficulty is occasioned by the dishonesty of the Tatars, whose bargain includes the obligation to procure horses for

the whole journey ; of course they contrive never to find them unless they can be had for a trifle : when travellers pay for themselves, this embarrassment does not usually occur. The hopes of being well paid make a great difference with the masters of the khans, who in such cases always manage to have their stables well supplied. Under these circumstances, we did not choose to submit to the additional inconvenience of remaining at the khan; but we sent our Tatar to the Vaivode, who procured us a lodging, though an indifferent one, at the house of a Greek. In the afternoon we walked out with Matteo ; it was not so absolutely necessary to be attended here by our Tatar, as we did not walk far. We had not the same fears as constantly attended us in Bosnia, as the inhabitants were, principally, Greeks. We saw the remains of the church of St. Demetrius, where there are still six whole pillars of marble, and some part of the cornice, besides the ruins of a fortress, which consisted of a strong square brick-built tower, not more perhaps than forty feet in diameter. It was solid to the height of about fifteen feet from the ground ; there was a flight of stone steps built on a solid bit of brick wall leading to the entrance, but separated from it by the distance of a few feet, so that it was impossible to enter it for want of a drawbridge or some similar contrivance.

This town is called by the Turks Istife; its si-

tuation is pleasant, being surrounded by hills, some of which are verdant ; the land about it appears fertile, and the harvest is said to afford plentiful supplies even for exportation.

On leaving this town the next morning, we particularly noticed an extensive ancient aqueduct open to the air, and carried to the distance of about a mile from a reservoir along the sides of little hills, and across by arches from one to another into the town. It is certainly of ancient construction, and is well worthy of admiration. We had seen another between Livadia and Thebes, used for the purpose of conveying water to a mill. About the middle of this day's journey, we passed over some high mountains which separate Bœtia from Attica, amongst which is Mount Cithæron ; they are, in general, very rocky, and partly destitute of verdure : we observed on them some traces of the cars of the ancients, which had actually worked a track in the rocks. In descending, the plain of Athens opens beautifully to the view ; the Acropolis is discovered at many miles distance, and beyond it mounts Anchesmus and Hymettus. We passed by a village situate nearly on the spot where stood ancient Colonos. The peasants were cultivating their vineyards : but little, however, can be said in praise of their produce ; for here, as well as

throughout the Morea, the wine is so impregnated with the taste of resin (communicated probably by the skin vessels in which it is preserved), that it can hardly be drunk.

Having traversed a grove of olive trees, we arrived, at about four o'clock in the afternoon, within the gates of Athens, and were struck, on our entrance, with the temple of Theseus, which stood exactly before us. We went immediately to Mr. Lusieri, to whom we delivered a letter of recommendation from our Consul at Salonica. He immediately directed us to a Greek's house, where we got a tolerably good lodging. The same evening we received the visit of a Mr. Cockerell, who had resided there a short time.

The following day we called on Lord Byron, Mr. J. Fiott, Mr. Forster, and Mr. Cockerell, to all of whom we disclosed ourselves, and related our adventures, requesting they would not repeat them. They received us very kindly, and appeared to take great interest in our behalf. The former two particularly offered us their services, and pecuniary assistance, for which, however, we had no necessity. During our week's stay in this renowned place, we saw all the remains of its ancient grandeur. Mr. Cockerell was well acquainted with every part worthy of notice, and very obligingly accompanied us. He particularly pointed

out to us many beauties in the architecture of the Parthenon, or temple of Minerva, such as the architrave adorned with *basso relievos*, representing the wars of the Athenians, and the vacant parts from whence Lord Elgin had carried away many pieces of marble beautifully sculptured with the representation of the battles between the Centaurs and the Lapithæ. The other antiquities of the Acropolis are, the Erectheum or temple of Neptune, the temple of Minerva Polias, and that of Pandrosus, called the Pandrosium: they all form part of one building in solid marble; the ornaments of which are varied. They are not in high preservation, but the workmanship of the architraves and cornice is exquisitely beautiful. The Pandrosium has been much disfigured by the loss of one of the female statues, the Caryatides, which supported its architrave; it is in Lord Elgin's collection, where it cannot, of course, be viewed with all the advantages of its primitive situation.

The superb entrance to the Acropolis, the Propylea, built by Phidias, under Pericles, has suffered greatly; the lower half is quite buried, but the five gates are discernible, as well as part of its cornice, and the capitals of some of its columns. The Parthenon, of which there are considerable remains, was blown up during the siege

of Athens by the Venetians, in the 17th century, it being then made use of by the Turks as a powder magazine. The Acropolis, which is on the summit of a rock, is surrounded by a plaister wall, built by the Turks: it might, possibly, serve as a momentary defence against a *coup de main.* Within this inclosure are some miserable houses, which have a mean appearance, especially by the side of the ancient ruins: a small Turkish mosque stands within the antient circumference of the Parthenon, whose noble columns proudly overlook the minaret of this Mahometan chapel. The pillars are about forty feet in height, and seven in diameter. It cost us above the value of a guinea to gain admission within the Acropolis, merely to take a survey of the ruins; the reason of which is, that the governor has been spoiled by the liberal donations of several Englishmen, who have been too lavish of their money when they visited this renowned spot. We have heard that he has received sometimes not less than five or six guineas for granting the mere permission of spending a couple of hours within its walls. This abuse has crept in, and continued to increase in proportion to the curiosity of Europeans who have lately travelled in this country.

The temple of Theseus is another object of ad-

miration : it is an oblong building, surrounded by fluted columns of the Doric order, having a pediment of six pillars at each end : it has suffered much less than any other ancient edifice in this place ; its form is preserved perfect, and every column remains whole, though many of them have been disjointed, probably by the effect of earthquakes. At the distance of about a hundred yards it has the appearance of being perfect : the roof is nearly destroyed, but that defect is imperceptible except on a near approach. The porticos and the spaces between the triglyphs are ornamented with *basso relievos*, representing battles of the Centaurs and the exploits of Theseus. On the western side of Athens is a small circular building, containing a room of about six feet in diameter, which adjoins a monastery, and is commonly known by the name of the Lantern of Demosthenes. The roof is supported by six fluted columns of the Corinthian order, of about ten feet high ; in the space between them are pannels of marble ; and the frieze is adorned by *basso relievos* representing the labors of Hercules. The Temple of the Winds is another curiosity worthy the notice of travellers : it is an octagonal building, round the eight sides of which are emblematical figures representing the eight winds. The roof is of a peculiar construction, and is

well preserved, but the beauty of it can only be appreciated when seen from a bird's-eye view. It is now made use of by a religious order, called Dervishes. The few columns that remain of the temple of Jupiter Olympius deserve particular attention; each of them consists of a single piece of marble, thirty feet high, and of a proportionate circumference: their bases are completely invisible to those who pass by, as they are, on one side, concealed by a large brick wall, and on the other, by shops which admit but of little more than the capital being revealed to the view of the public: we were admitted through one of these shops (which are kept principally by Greeks), to see the pedestals of some of these magnificent though unornamented pillars.

The south east exit from the town is through the gate of Adrian, the structure of which is almost perfect: it has on each side an inscription in large and legible Greek characters; that on the inner side is, "This is the town of Theseus, and not of Adrian;" that on the outer side is, "This is the town of Adrian, and not of Theseus."

At a short distance from hence, without the town, are sixteen magnificent columns of the Corinthian order standing, without architrave; a seventeenth existed a few years since, but was de-

stroyed for the purpose of being used in building a mosque for the Vaivode, or Governor. They are supposed to have formed part of the palace of Adrian ; they are fifty or sixty feet high, and of pentelic marble.

At the western foot of the Acropolis are the remains of the Odeum of Herodes Atticus ; the form of its area is still perfect : opposite this side of Athens are two heights ; on one is a monument, now partly destroyed, which was said to have been erected in honor of Philopapus ; on the other formerly stood the Pnyx, a building partly constructed in the rock, where Demosthenes frequently harangued the people: there remain still some of the seats hewn in the rock. At the north east extremity of the Acropolis, without the wall, is the hill on which the famous court of justice, known by the name of the Areopagus, held its sittings—the steps by which the judges ascended to that awful tribunal still exist.

We had the pleasure of walking one day over the ground where stood the Stadium, which was built, originally, by Lycurgus, on the banks of the Ilyssus, and afterwards enlarged by Herodes Atticus, an opulent Athenian citizen. Its amphitheatrical form is perfect, and some of the seats remain: the whole of its fabric was of pentelic marble. The bridge over the river Ilyssus, of which the bed is

the only remaining part, is destroyed; but the piers on either bank mark its position to have been immediately opposite the centre of the Stadium, at the upper end of which is an archway cut through the hill, by which the unsuccessful competitors retired. Mr. Forster accompanied us, one day, to Mount Pentelicus, at about a dozen miles from the town, to see the famous quarry which furnished marble for the most celebrated edifices at Athens, and which ages of Athenian glory and genius would never have exhausted, as the vein is of very considerable height and depth in the mountain: we breakfasted at a convent of monks at the foot of the mountain. The marks of the wheels of the ancient cars, on which the marble was transported to the capital, are visible in many places; these traces were actually worn into the rocky road.

During our stay at Athens, Lord Byron gave a dance and supper at Mr. Logotheti's (a very respectable Greek, who had long acted as Consul at Athens for our government), that we might have an opportunity of seeing an assembly of Grecian ladies: we were not particularly struck with their beauty; there were, indeed, but two of the party who could be considered handsome. The Grecian dance, of which we had a specimen, and joined in, amused us, at first, by its novelty; but the repe-

tition of it was tiresome, as it has very little variety. We were much better entertained with a dance by one of Lord Byron's Albanian servants, who had formerly belonged to a band of robbers in the mountains of Albania: the movement is highly characteristic of the state of wildness in which these hordes live, and give occasion for the display of their astonishing activity and strength: this man was barefooted, as these people always are when in a room. The force with which he sprung about was such, that we could sometimes hear the bones of his feet actually cracking with the exertion. The music was the best that could be procured in Athens; it consisted in two five-stringed instruments, similar to, and about the size of, a large violin: but the performance was execrable; such was the discord and confusion of it, that we rejoiced when it was all over.

The modern city of Athens stands on the eastern side of the rock on the summit of which is the Acropolis; its appearance is much better than that of the Turkish towns we had seen before, although there are but few good houses in it: it is surrounded by a wall of about three miles in circumference; its population is about ten thousand souls, of which three fourths, at least, are Greeks.

Having indulged ourselves with a stay of eight days in this interesting city, we thought of pro-

ceeding on our journey homewards; and on the 8th of March took leave of our countrymen. The particular circumstance of the departure of the Vaivode, who had just been superseded, deprived us of the satisfaction of passing through Megara and ancient Eleusis, as all the post horses were bespoken for some days. By the good offices of Mr. Logotheti, we got a boat to transport us by sea to the Isthmus of Corinth: we embarked at Port Pyræus after sunset, with Matteo, and a Mr. Remedelli of Ragusa, Ex-secretary to the French Consul at Patrasso. The road from Athens to the port runs in the direction of the famous wall of Themistocles, of which we observed some few remains.

Being favored by the winds with a very light breeze, we sailed forth pleasantly, leaving to our left the island of Ægina, and to our right the island and gulph of Salamis: the weather was very fine, and it was a moonlight night, so that, though in an open boat, we got a few hours sleep. We landed on the Isthmus of Corinth soon after noon of the next day, and, having sent to a village not far off for horses or asses, we reached Corinth at sunset. Some friends of Mr. Remedelli directed our conductors to a Greek's house, where we obtained lodging, and passed a tolerable good night.

The following morning we were introduced by

Mr. Remedelli to his friends, Messrs. Notara, two brothers, of one of the most respected families in Corinth, and magistrates in that town, under the ancient title of *Archontes;* they are of the Greek church, and appeared to be well informed: as they understood some Italian, we could converse with them. We walked about the town with a Greek, who spoke a little bad Italian, but found little or nothing worth remark. Four columns of an ancient temple are the only ruins we saw; they are said to have been the first erected of the Doric order, but are of no curiosity to those who have been previously at Athens. We purchased of our guide a couple of small earthen vases, which had been excavated at Corinth, more as a memorial of our passage through that town, than for their value.

At about sunset, we left our host, and walked down to the sea side, our baggage following on a horse: the distance is between one and two miles. We two, and Matteo, then embarked on a caïque which was bound for Patrasso, and launched out with a slight land breeze, which, however, soon failed, insomuch that the boatmen were forced to have recourse to their oars; and about four o'clock A.M. we cast anchor, to rest our men, being at the distance of about ten miles from Corinth. At seven o'clock a westerly wind arose, which was

directly in our teeth ; and our boatmen, fearing lest we should be blown on shore, and perhaps be wrecked, made all diligence in the hope of gaining some port on the opposite coast, near Delphos, there being no ports on the Morea side of the gulph. Before we had reached half way across, the wind increased so suddenly, and the sea became so boisterous, that our boat, which carried two small lateen sails, was tossed about in a most alarming manner. We soon found the impossibility of carrying our plan into execution, on account of the gusts of wind proceeding from different openings in the mountains, which determined our boatmen to change their course, and run before the wind towards Corinth. Accordingly we sailed back to the place from whence we had embarked the preceding evening ; not however without perpetual alarm, the waves breaking over our weather-quarter at every moment. Our fears proceeded partly from ignorance, but still more from witnessing the terrors of our Greek seamen. About two in the afternoon, however, we reached land in safety, having suffered indeed from wet and cold and alarm, but grateful for our deliverance from worse disasters ; and sincerely rejoiced to rest, once more, under the roof of our Greek host : our luggage, having been stowed under the deck, escaped without injury.

We remained the whole of the 12th of March at Corinth, and took a survey of the place and its environs, under the protection of the Greek who had before accompanied us. Within a mile of the town are the remains of an amphitheatre, where, it is said, the Isthmian games were performed, and in three hundred and seventy steps we measured its circumference: we observed that there had been seats all round, particularly at one end, which was more elevated than the rest, being, probably, the station allotted to the judges. Mr. Logotheti, of Athens, had provided us with a letter of recommendation for Nouri Bey, at Corinth: thinking it might now prove useful to us, we sent it to him, and shortly after waited on him ourselves, accompanied by one of the Archontes. We were received very politely, and asked if there was any particular service the Bey could render us. At our request, he ordered that we should be provided the next morning with horses, and also with saddles (which can be obtained only by special order), and which we were in want of, as we had sold ours at Corinth previously to our embarkation. After a visit of a quarter of an hour, during which time we were presented with pipes and coffee, we retired, and passed the evening at the Archontes, where we supped with Messrs. Notara.

On the 13th, we left Corinth at about seven o'clock, rather uncomfortably seated upon wooden

saddles, which very much resemble the mere tree of those made in this country ; we had, otherwise, an agreeable day's journey, over a country which improved as we proceeded, and, near sunset, we stopped at a khan at Agrada. Mr. Remedelli arrived soon after us. We had plenty of room to lie down, but not a very comfortable berth.

We continued our journey next day all together, and were particularly struck and delighted with the beauty of the road during the whole of our ride. As yesterday, we had the gulph of Lepanto on our right, and high mountains on our left : the weather was beautiful, and for some hours we found it quite hot. Parts of the road appeared to us like wild gardens, laid out with broad even walks, and interspersed with a variety of evergreens, such as myrtles, firs, rhododendrons, and other fragrant shrubs. We occasionally smelled a very strong perfume, and perceived a little animal of a dark brown colour running with great swiftness, which we supposed to be the musk rat. At about noon we changed horses at Vostitza, where we left our travelling companion, and proceeded towards Patrasso. At about six o'clock, we arrived, and alighted at our Consul's, Mr. Strané, who engaged us to sup with him, and procured us a room in the neighbourhood.

During our stay here, we became acquainted

with a Mr. Schielin, who was travelling for a mercantile house of Messina, and whom we found a very agreeable companion. We dined and breakfasted daily at Mr. Strané's, and received every attention and politeness both from him and his secretary, Mr. Parnel.

In a walk we took in the environs of Patrasso, we saw the grand ruins of an extensive aqueduct, the only remains of antiquity to be discovered.

Having heard that a small vessel was ready to sail for the island of Zante, we engaged for our passage; and in the afternoon of the 17th of March, in company with Mr. Schielin, we embarked, after taking leave of our Consul and his household. Patrasso is very pleasantly situate at the foot of a mountain, having a view of the coast of Albania to the north; to the east, the entrance of the Gulph of Lepanto; to the west, the Cape Papa, the north-western point of the Morea; and, at a distance, the island of Cephalonia. The bay of Patrasso affords a tolerably secure anchorage for ships of small burden, except, perhaps, against the north-westerly winds.

A fresh breeze from the north-east procured us a very good passage, and we arrived in port at Zante at four o'clock A.M. We readily quitted our warm berth under the deck, to satisfy ourselves as to the truth of these happy tidings; and, after

our anchor was cast, returned to our mattresses. We came up on deck again at seven o'clock. It is impossible to describe the transport with which we beheld the red coats of our soldiers on shore, from the deck of our vessel. For many years past we had been accustomed to nothing but foreign uniforms, chiefly those of French sentinels and *gendarmes:* the military garb of our native land reminded us so forcibly of our deliverance from every thing French, that our joy knew no bounds.

We could not land much before nine o'clock, as the Custom-house was not open earlier. Our first care was to call upon our minister to the Ionian islands residing here, Mr. Spiridion Foresti, for whom we had a letter of recommendation from Mr. Charnaud, of Salonica. He received us with great kindness, and expressed his regret that he had no room to offer us, as he had with him a Mr. North, brother to the present Earl of Guilford: he sent to inquire for an apartment in the neighbourhood, and desired us to consider his house our home. We had been so unaccustomed to such hospitality, that it perfectly astonished us. Mr. Foresti accompanied us to Colonel Smith's, of the 27th foot, commander, at that time, of the Ionian Islands; to Major Slessor of the 35th, civil commander of the town; and also to Major (now

Lieut. Col.) Church, commanding the Albanian corps. They all expressed great interest for us, and added their hearty congratulations on our escape. Mr. North, whom we met at Mr. Foresti's table, is a particularly well-informed man: his conversation was extremely interesting, especially when it turned on the subject of his own travels. We likewise met with very hospitable attentions from the British officers in this island; some of whom accompanied us to the tar wells, which lie in a marshy plain in the valley of Chieri, at the distance of about nine or ten miles from the town of Zante, in the southern part of the island. On approaching the spot the ground becomes soft, and of a blackish color. The water, which is level with the ground, has an oily fluid swimming on its surface, which gives it various hues, as is frequently observed in ditches and stagnant pools. The tar is continually rising in it, which occasions a constant bubbling: it is of a brown tint, very liquid and transparent. The wells are the property of an individual, who extracts the tar for sale every three years: it undergoes the preparation of boiling, but even that does not render it fit for every purpose. The island of Zante produces a vast quantity of currants, called *uva passa*, which are a small grape: the vines which bear them are as numerous as on the northern coast of

the Morea. When ripe, the bunch is cut off from the plant, and left to dry in the sun; after which the grapes are stripped from the stalk, and put into barrels for home consumption or exportation. A rainy season is extremely injurious to them, and sometimes destroys the crop altogether. Oil is likewise produced in this island, and is also exported, as well as some white wine, which is principally consumed in Malta, as it is not perhaps sufficiently strong to be saleable in the London markets. The quantity of corn and vegetables grown here is insufficient for the consumption of the inhabitants, whose number amounts to about 40,000, of which nearly 18,000 reside in the town of Zante; the rest are dispersed in forty-eight little villages.

When this island fell into our possession, all communication between the town and the villages was, at times, impossible; but roads are now made, and others are making, so that they will soon become accessible to each other at all seasons. The Zantiots are so well satisfied with our government of the island, that, at the time we were there, it was in contemplation amongst them to send a deputation to England, requesting that they might not again be resigned to the dominion of the French. They are pleased at the improvements constantly making there, par-

ticularly at those in the citadel, where many hundred inhabitants are employed, under the inspection of our engineers, in repairing and improving the fortifications. From this circumstance arises a double advantage to the island; first, the revenues which the French had always withdrawn for the fortification of Corfu, and for the payment of their commissaries, and perhaps of some of their troops, are now laid out for the benefit of the island; and, secondly, a great number of the inhabitants, who are, in general, profligate and ignorant, are brought into a state of comparative civilization, and taught, at least, the art of building, under the instruction of our people. The possession of this place is considered as important to Great Britain; but the island of Corfu would be a still more valuable acquisition, as it is impregnable. We passed five very pleasant days here, thanks to several officers, who, without any other recommendation than that of the peculiarity of our case, had shewn themselves extremely kind and attentive to us. We felt particularly indebted to Mr. Foresti, and his lady, for their kind reception and hospitality. Our friend Scheilin, who had crossed over with us from Patrasso, had taken up his abode with an acquaintance during our stay here. On the 23d, we met again for our new voyage, having secured a pas-

sage on board a brig with English colors, but manned by Greeks, bound to Malta About noon we went on board, with Mr. Schielin and his Greek servant, our Matteo, and a young lad of Bern in Switzerland, of whom we had taken charge at the request of Mr. North.

Being aware that we should be compelled to undergo a quarantine of about three weeks at Malta, our Captain determined to make for Syracuse, where we should be released from such a detention in three or four days, and thence go over to Malta, by which means we should avoid any quarantine there. It was near sunset on the 27th. when some of the crew pretended they could discern Mount Etna; upon which a man went aloft, and descried an island, which was presumed to be Syracuse, and, as the wind was favorable, we expected to reach it in a few hours, judging, from the haziness of the weather, we were nearer to land than we appeared to be. Fortunately a Malteze who was on board went aloft shortly after, and assured us we were in sight of Malta; which information was given just in time, for the night was drawing on apace. Had we proceeded with the N. E. wind, which blew very hard at this time, we must have been wrecked on the rock of Malta during the night; or, had we missed that island, should have found ourselves in two days more on the coast

of Barbary. We were, however, in time to escape the danger of a wreck, by tacking so as to keep clear of the land till daylight. We passed the night in great alarm, and hailed the return of morning as a deliverance from all our dangers and apprehensions. At nine o'clock we reached port. It will be easily understood how the Greek seamen contrive to make such false calculations as they did in this case, when it is considered that they do not know the use of the sextant; that they always calculate by the log, and that, only three or four times a day, by taking an average rate, without any table, or the assistance of any other instrument than the compass, with which they measure the distances computed by the scale of their charts, of which they have but few, and those very indifferent. Our first step, on landing, was to go to the Health-Office, and deliver several letters, which were received in a basket to be fumigated: we then returned on board the vessel, which we gladly quitted, finally, the next morning, March 29th.

At our request, we were transported to the Lazaretto, where two fine large rooms were assigned to us in a stone building of large dimensions, but bare as a rock; we were therefore obliged to have mattresses purchased for us, and various ordinary articles; for in the Lazaretto the poor traveller is

left entirely to himself, and all those who attend upon him must remain in quarantine with him. We were agreeably surprised by receiving, the very day of our arrival in port, a letter from two gentlemen, who kindly offered us their services: these friends were strangers to us, but were indirectly acquainted with our mercantile house in London, and to them we were indebted for great attention to us during the whole time of our residence in Malta; they provided us with some furniture and other necessary articles. We were fortunate in getting our quarantine curtailed three days; and on the seventeenth day, having passed away our time as merrily as possible in so dull and irksome a situation, with our friend Mr. Schielin, we were permitted to leave our confinement. We crossed over from the Lazaretto to La Valetta, entering by the Massachusett gate, and took up our residence at a bad English inn.

We called on Captain Fraser, Navy Commissioner, with a recommendation from Lord Byron: he was very polite to us, and introduced us to Lieutenant General Oakes, Civil Commissioner. We had the gratification of being present at the ball given to the gallant Captains Hoste, Whitby, Gordon, and Hornby, who had lately arrived with their prizes from off Lissa in the Adriatic, where, with three frigates and a twenty-four gun corvette,

they defeated a French and Italian squadron of eleven sail, five of them frigates, of which two were captured, and one burnt. We took an opportunity of visiting St. Antonio, a garden which had formerly belonged to the grand master; the celebrated orange grove called the Boschetto; and the famous catacombs at Citta Vechia, where the inhabitants had often concealed themselves in times of public danger.

Malta is now too well known to need any description. We had often wished to pass over to Sicily; but the fear of missing the convoy with which we were to sail, deterred us from indulging our curiosity in this respect, and we preferred embarking for England in a well-armed store ship, rather than venture in a packet, in which we might be exposed to the enemy's cruisers. We accordingly secured two cabins on board the Swift, D. Weir, master; and left the port of Malta on the 10th May, under convoy of the Success frigate, Captain Ascough. After a tedious voyage of four weeks, we reached Gibraltar; where we stopped for about six and thirty hours, and, through the means of an artillery officer who was on board the convoying ship, and whom we reconnoitered to be a brother Carthusian, we obtained permission to view the whole of the wonderful military works in this famous rock, with which we were highly delighted

and astonished. We left this port at sunset, June 9th, with a fresh north-easterly breeze, which however lasted so long, and grew so violent, that we were separated from the convoy, and served ourselves in that capacity to five merchantmen which had remained with us; we nevertheless had a tedious, though not a bad, passage of five weeks.

On the 16th day of July, we once more set foot on British ground, with emotions of thankfulness and transport unfelt by those who have never been long absent from their country. Eight years of cruel separation from the objects of our warmest affections, aggravated by every circumstance of injustice and bad faith;—our deliverance from exile through a series of hardships and perils, now fortunately terminated by restoration to our parents and family;—these were the images and reflections that crowded on our memory, and so bewildered our brain, that we could scarcely persuade ourselves we were not in a dream. It seemed as if the arrears of happiness and joy, which had been so long accumulating, were now restored to us in one vast payment; and so mighty was the sum of our felicity, that it almost overpowered our imaginations. We could not satiate our eyes with the sight of the objects which surrounded us. Every thing, and every body, appeared enchanting. All other countries,

and their inhabitants, seemed utterly worthless, compared with our own. Never, till this moment, did we feel, in its full force and extent, the privilege and blessing of being ENGLISHMEN.

FINIS.

James Compton, Printer, Middle Street, Cloth Fair, London.

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TRIESTE
UDINE
LAIBACH
GRATZ
CLAGENFURT
PRESBURG
KOMORN
PESTH
BUDA
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SEMLIN
PANCZOVA
SEMENDRIA
NISSA R.
DANUBE R.
SOPHIA
ADRIANOPLE
SALONIKA
LARISSA
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NEGROPONT
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ATHENS
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ARGOS
TRIPOLIZZA
SPARTA
ARCADIA
CEPHALONIA
ZANTE
ST MAURA
CORFU
DURAZZO
RAGUSA
SPALATRO
TRAUNIK
BOSNA SERAI
NOVI BAZAR
VENICE
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GULF OF VENICE
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GULF OF SALONICA
GULF OF CORINTH
GULF OF LEPANTO
GULF OF CORON
CORSICA
SARDINIA
MAJORCA
MINORCA
IVICA
ELBA I.
SICILY
PALERMO
MESSINA
REGGIO
MT ETNA
SYRACUSE
GIRGENTI
PASSARO
MALTA
GOZO
LIMOSA
CANDIA
MT IDA
CANEA
RETHIMO
CANDIA
TUNIS
CARTHAGE
BONA
PANTELLARIA
ALGIERS
BONA
BOUGIA
ORAN
MASCARA
TLEMSEN
FEZ
MOROCCO
TANGIER
TETUAN
CEUTA
GIBRALTAR
CAPE ST VINCENT
CAPE FINISTERRE
CAPE ORTEGAL
CAPE TORINANA
CAPE OF GATA
CAPE SPARTEL
CAPE BON
CAPE CARTHAGE
CAPE MATAPAN
CAPE ST MARIA
CAPE PASSARO
CAPE SPADA
CAPE SPICHEL
CAPE TENARUS
CAPE COLONNA
CAPE MALEA
CAPE ST ANGELO
CAPE ST VINCENT
CAPE TRAFALGAR
CAPE SPARTIVENTO
CAPE CARBONARA
CAPE CORSO
CAPE BONIFACIO
CAPE CORSE
CAPE DE GATT
CAPE DE NAO
CAPE DE LA HEVE
CAPE GRISNEZ
CAPE LA HAGUE
CAPE BARFLEUR
CAPE ANTIFER
CAPE DE LA CHEVRE
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